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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. I. MAY 1, 1816. No. V.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

The interesting Anecdote of the German Poet, Gleim, *shall have a place in our next.*

In the letter falsely signed A Well-Wisher, *we discover nothing but that* esprit borné *and ignorance, which the writer is so ready to ascribe to others.*

The History of Lancelot Littlewit—The Conflict—Lines by Mrs. S. Hughes—Absence, *a Song, and some other poetical contributions, shall appear in our next Number.*

We beg leave to remind authors and publishers, that our announcements under the head of Literary Intelligence, *are confined to works in hand, and do not embrace such as have already appeared.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any Part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

Vol. I. May 1, 1816. No. V.

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 25.—A HUNTING LODGE.

This building is designed to harmonize with scenery that is naturally of a level character, and to afford a degree of embellishment by its verandahs and the variety of shadow which they project, that would be greatly desirable where the landscape is not composed of very interesting features. The cottage roof is well fitted to assist in this endeavour, as its overhanging eaves produce a picturesque effect, and afford a considerable shelter to the house: and it is on the variety of shadow resulting from this design, that its pretension to notice would principally depend, for the parts themselves are perfectly simple and unaffected. The objections to this kind of roof, however, are not to be disregarded: the water falling from it is destructive to the plants or herbage that may be beneath the drip; the walls are not only discoloured towards the ground, by the splashing of it, but become damp, and are eventually injured; the windows also suffer from this circumstance, and they are not always accessible without subjecting the inhabitants to the inconvenience of receiving a portion of the wet that is dismissed by the eaves, even after the gentlest rains. Concealed or invisible gutters, as they are called, have been devised to obviate this unpleasantness. They are formed about a foot and half above the eaves, and are so disposed as to arrest the progress of the water before it arrives at the extremity of the roof, whence it is conveyed to pipes prepared at the end of the building to receive it. These gutters may be made very small, and they would answer the purpose tolerably well, if a material could be applied to form them not so subject to crack by its expansive and contracting nature as lead is found to be, which, from this quality, renders the concealed gutter unadvisable, except to small buildings, or where they can be introduced in very short lengths: in other cases they cannot be considered as affording security from the wet. The

best means of preventing the inconvenience generally, is to form a wood gutter at the edge of the roof, so designed that it may appear to be the finish of the roof, rather than a gutter; and by giving a fall for the water within its substance, the level line of the edge is preserved, and it may be adopted without injury to the lightness of effect that is desirable. The irregular and feeble line which is produced by gutters of copper or zinc, is always to be avoided.

The centre of this design represents a roof projecting over a bow which forms part of the drawing-room, and as the wall also recedes, a spacious verandah is produced, which is well sheltered, and affords a prospect-gallery, or a sort of open conservatory; and balconies are formed on each side by the small verandahs which shelter the windows of the ground-floor: the whole is connected by a trellis roof, as described on the plan which represents the line of connection on the level of the chamber floor.

The ground for which this design was in fact proposed, happened to be of a very peculiar form, although the general line of it was not undulating, and led to a very careful attention of the means for improving the site of a building variously circumstanced in this particular. The very ingenious observations of Mr. Repton cannot but be acceptable, and, in a future paper, other views of the subject will be introduced. There is, he observes, a natural character of country which must influence the site and disposition of every house; and though in the country there is not the same occasion as in towns, for placing offices under ground, or for setting the principal apartments on a basement story, as it is far more desirable to walk from the house on the same level with the ground, yet there are situations which require to be raised above the natural surface. This is the case at Welbeck, where the park not only abounds with bold and conspicuous inequalities, but in many places there are almost imperceptible swellings in the ground, which art would in vain remedy, from their vast breadth; though they are evident defects whenever they appear to cut across the stems of trees, and hide only half their trunks; for if the whole trunk were perfectly hidden by such a swell, the injury would be less, because the imagination is always ready to sink the valley and raise the hill, if not checked in its efforts by some actual standard of measurement. In such cases, the best expedient is to view the ground from a gentle eminence, that the eye may look over, and of course lose, these trifling inequalities.

All natural shapes of ground must necessarily fall under one of these descriptions, viz. convex, concave, plane, or inclined plane. Suppose it granted, that, except in very romantic situations, all the rooms on the principal floor ought to range on the same level; and that there must be a platform or certain space of ground, with a gentle descent from the house every way. If the ground be naturally convex, or what is generally called a knoll, the crown of the hill must be taken off to form a platform, and the size of the house must be adapted to the size of the knoll;

for if it be too large, it will not have sufficient platform, but rather stand on the edge of a steep bank. It therefore follows, that if the house must stand on a natural hillock, the building should not be larger than its situation will admit; and where such hillocks do not exist in places proper for a house in every other respect, it is sometimes possible for art to supply what nature seems to have denied; a circumstance that proves the absurdity of those who design and plan a house without any previous knowledge of the situation or shape of the ground on which it is to be built. When the shape is naturally either concave or perfectly flat, the house would not be habitable, unless the ground sloped sufficiently to throw off the water from it: this is often effected, in a slight degree, merely by the earth that is dug from the cellars and foundations; but if, instead of sinking the cellars, they were to be built upon the level of the ground, they may afterwards be so covered with earth as to give all the appearance of a natural knoll; the ground falling from the house to any distance where it may best unite with the natural shape: or, as it frequently happens that there may be small hillocks near the house, one of them may be removed to effect this purpose. This expedient can also be used in an inclined plane, falling towards the house, where the inclination is not very great: but it may be observed of the inclined plane, that the size of the house must be governed in some measure by the fall of the ground; since it is evident, that, although a house of a hundred feet deep might stand conveniently upon it, yet it would require an artificial terrace on one side; and where the ground cannot be made to look natural, it is better at all times to avow the interference of art, than to attempt an ineffectual concealment of it.

The plate annexed would not conveniently contain a plan of the design: it is intended, however, to consist of a small hall and staircase, communicating with a breakfast-room, dining-room, and drawing-room, each having a window to the principal front, as represented in the elevation: behind these would be a kitchen, servants' hall, pantry, and other offices of domestic use. The stables, kennels, &c. would be removed a short distance.

ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

No. IV.

HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND.

UNTIL the ordinary wants of man are supplied, his mind is engaged in effecting the business which results from the mere necessities of his nature, and in its performance all that belongs to common sense is employed, so far as relates to the object immediately before him: but when industry has produced leisure, and riches abundance, his mind reverts on itself for further employment, and giving vigour to the imagination, it becomes observant and compares ideas; it seeks

for and examines principles, collects images of ideal perfection, and thence establishes the basis of the arts. The many interruptions which art has received, and the retrograde movements it has occasionally made, in times quite open to our researches, enable us to mark the progress of architecture particularly, and to trace it through its several stages, from the ingenious to the possible and the surprising, thence again to the probable, and onward to simplicity and truth. Its criterion is nature, and on its laws only art should be established; for it is the business of art to follow the examples which nature has supplied, to effect operations agreeably to those laws, and to aim at supreme excellence by judiciously associating her relative perfections.

In architecture the documents of antiquity are to us what the works of the old masters in painting are to painters, and it is equally the duty of both to gather into their store as much as possible of the truth that pre-existing talent has provided; and not then to be content with merely following those works, but to carry their beauties forward to a higher state of excellence: for we have a right to assume, that even the noblest and best works of art are yet short of that perfection of which they are capable.

The works of the Italian architects rapidly improved, because the means of study were amply supplied to them by the remains of ancient Roman splendour; and soon after the establishment of the Florence academy in the early part of the fifteenth century, Bruneleschi began to ascertain the principles of the Roman orders. Alberti followed him, and pursued the art with great success, which is not only evident from his writings on the principles of his art, but from the noble palace of Pitti at Florence, which was of his design and executed immediately under his direction. Michael Angelo and Palladio greatly advanced the improvement of architecture, and introduced some peculiarities unknown to the early Roman school. Countries removed from the great emporium of art, were content for a time to adopt the fashions of the Italian style, and receive the principles of art at second hand as they found them promulgated in the writings of the architects of that day; and when from England our native artists visited Rome, the modern buildings were too frequently the objects of their study, rather than the venerable remains of antiquity: and our own works have thence the characteristics of Italian art, instead of the pure forms, proportions, and detail of the early model. Unfortunately for architecture in this country, our artists found greater deviations from the Roman originals in their return through France, and as the human mind is not always prepared to resist the allurements and influences of fashion, some of our greatest works are disgraced by foreign absurdities. Inigo Jones, in his last works, studiously avoided them, and made in his designs a transition from those follies to an elegant simplicity: he flourished in the reigns of Elizabeth, James I. Charles I. and during the commonwealth. He was born 1572, and died 1651. Sir Christopher

Wren was born 1632, and died 1723: he flourished in the reigns of Charles II. James II. William III. Anne, and George I. His works are evidently the result of much study of the Italian school, and from books he probably formed his style prior to his visits to Rome. He was greatly influenced by the practice of the French artists, but excelled in the mathematics, which enabled him to execute works in which a superiority of construction was manifested. His St. Paul's is perhaps unequalled in this respect, if we except the magnificent work of Michael Angelo, St. Peter's at Rome. Sir John Vanbrugh, his contemporary, died in 1726: his works are less refined than those of Wren, but there is a dignified greatness of character in many of them, produced by a proportion and arrangement that are highly commendable; his aim constantly was to obtain this effect, and when he failed, his works became uncouthly massive and heavy. Mr. Burke has judiciously observed, that "the true artist should put a generous deceit on the spectators, and effect the noblest designs by easy methods. Designs that are vast only by their dimension, are always the sign of a common and low imagination. No work of art can be great but as it deceives; to be otherwise is the prerogative of nature only." The censure, however, as far as relates to Vanbrugh, is not so tenable as was formerly supposed. The sarcastic wit of Swift, the censure of Pope, and the criticism of Walpole, lost much of their influence with the public in consequence of the commendations of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gilpin, and Price; and Blenheim, the greatest work of this architect, has risen in esteem in proportion to the general diffusion of true taste. In this work is blended a highly poetic and painter-like feeling: the lights and shadows are broad, the oppositions are striking and grand, the incidents are arranged with great variety and with almost a dramatic effect; in fact, even in architecture Vanbrugh was theatrical.

Kent and Gibbs were also contemporaries; the former died in 1746, the latter in 1754: and with them lived a very ingenious architect, not so generally known, Mr. Colin Campbell, except indeed as the compiler of the *Vitruvius Britannicus*, and the designer of Wanstead-House, in Essex. They were all disciples of the Italian school, taking the works of Palladio and Scamozzi as their authorities. Kent, at that day, as a painter was respectable, and distinguished himself as a landscape-gardener; but at the present moment the works of his pallet would not be esteemed beyond the scenery of our theatres. Gibbs and himself were both deficient as architects in the detail of their works; the architraves, imposts, and the dressings of their doors and windows, were very defective in point of proportion and beauty of parts, in general even to slovenly negligence. St. Martin's church, by Gibbs, is however a very fine and interesting building. Sir William Chambers and Sir Robert Taylor, both pursuing the practice and studying the models of the Italian school, differed greatly in feeling. In fancy, Taylor had the advantage; but in design, and

the arrangement of the subordinate parts, Sir William was his superior both as an architect and sculptor. Neither of them was eminent for the formation of a dignified whole, yet Somerset-House is a monument highly creditable to Sir William's sound judgment; and, however unsuitable to the purpose of its application, Sir Robert's addition to the Bank of England will evince the elegance of his taste.

About the middle of the last century, Messrs. Adam, Stuart, and Rivett, visited the remains of Grecian art. Adam, by the publication of his discoveries at Palmyra and Balbec, effected at least an improvement of ornamental designs, though the style of them was eventually superseded by the introduction of purer documents of antiquity; but his own works were generally injured by an exuberant display of feeble devices.

On the publication of Mr. Stuart's discoveries at Athens, an extraordinary change took place in architectural design; indeed the effect was discernible in the works of all the sister arts, even before they were benefited by the labours of a living artist, whose sculptural designs are perhaps not exceeded in grace and simplicity by those of Grecian art. The Italian school now became deserted, and those remains were visited, which, in earlier ages, had been authorities for the study of Roman artists.

The dogmas of art, which had long fettered the minds of architects, were now disregarded, and in their stead a careful recurrence to first principles took place, which should ever enter into the very essence of design. It would be improper to pass unnoticed two architects lately deceased, both of whom, by all lovers of this art, are lamented and revered, whose sound and judicious minds, whose tasteful fancy, and whose works of superior excellence, would be honourable to any country. They were not greatly influenced by this change of taste; but the works of Mr. James Wyatt and Mr. Bonomi, nevertheless, partook of Grecian simplicity and truth.

As the difference between the characters of Roman and Grecian architecture is not generally understood, an attempted illustration of it will form a portion of the next number of this review.

CHRONOLOGICAL SURVEY OF THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTS TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

(Continued from p. 196.)

PAINTERS AND DESIGNERS; PERIOD IN WHICH THEY FLOURISHED; PRINCIPAL WORKS AND MERITS.

Theodorus, of Samos. Olymp. 120—150. Cassandra, in the temple of Concord, at Rome. Many scenes from the Trojan war, in the Porticus. Philippe, at Rome.

Pyreicus, of Athens. Olymp. 120—150. Barbers' and shoemakers' shops, eatables, &c. This artist was highly celebrated for his delineations of still life.

Simonides. Olymp. 120—150. Agatharchus and the nymph Mnemosyne.

Aristoclides. Olymp. 120—150. Many pictures in the temple of Apollo, at Delphi.

Calaces. Olymp. 120—150. Many small pictures of a comic and satiri-

cal nature. He was the inventor of satire in painting, which subsequently degenerated into caricature.

Apaturius Alabandæus, of Tralles. Olymp. 120—150. Many decorations for the stage. He was the most celebrated artist for perspective among the ancients. He, his predecessor, Eudorus, and Serapion, may be considered as the authors of landscape-painting, which, according to the ancients, originated in the painting of scenery for the comic theatre, in which Fauns, Satyrs, and Nymphs are represented in woods and rural situations.

Serapion, of Egypt. Olymp. 120—150. He painted many decorations for the theatre.

Nicearchus, Olymp. 100—130. Venus surrounded by the Loves and Graces.

Philiscus. Olymp. 110—150. A painter's work-room, with a boy blowing the fire. This artist worked in a better style than Pyreicus.

Philochares. Olymp. 100—150. An old man, with his son—a picture extremely admired at Rome. His excellencies consisted in dignity of style, combined with intelligent expression.

Phalerion. Olymp. 110—150. Scylla. He displayed great energy of imagination in the delineation of the terrible.

Heraclides. Olymp. 120—150. Many marine pieces. With him originated the painting of ships and sea subjects.

Onasias, of Platæa. Olymp. 120—150. Eryganea viewing her sons going forth to the war.

Nicon. Olymp. 110—150. Many battles and horses.

Saurias, of Samos. Olymp. 110—150. To this artist is ascribed the invention of taking profiles.

Scymnus. Olymp. 110—150. A beautiful female slave.

Metrodorus, of Athens and Rome. Many pictures for the embellishment of the triumphal entry of Paulus Æmilius into Rome.

Fabius Pictor, of Rome. Olymp. 150. Many pictures on the walls of the temple of the goddess Salus, at Rome.

Paccuvius, of Rome. Olymp. 150—170. Many works at Rome and at Tarentum.

Lala, of Cyzicum and Rome. Olymp. 170—180. Many portraits on ivory.

Sopylus, of Rome. Olymp. 170—180. Many portraits of celebrated men and women.

Dionysius, of Rome. Olymp. 170—180. Many portraits of celebrated men and women.

Timomachus, of Byzantium and Rome. Olymp. 170—185. Medea and Jason, in the temple of Venus Genitrix, at Rome. Orestes. Iphigenia, in Tauris. A Gorgon.

Amulius, of Rome. Olymp. 180—195. Minerva.

Ludius, of Rome. Olymp. 190—200. Many landscapes.

Pedius, of Rome. Olymp. 190—200.

Aterius Labio, of Rome. Olymp. 190—200. A great number of small pieces, which were highly praised.

Dorotheus, of Rome. Olymp. 200—210. He copied the Venus Anadyomene of Apelles, by Nero's command.

Tauriscus, of Rome. Olymp. 200—210. Many portraits.

Actius Priscus, of Rome. Olymp. 200—215. Many paintings in the temple of Peace, at Rome.

GEM-ENGRAVERS.

Pyrgoteles. Olymp. 110—120. Head of Alexander the Great. Head of Phocion.

Agathemerus. Head of Socrates, in cornelian.

Tryphon. The marriage of Cupid and Psyche, consisting of five figures, in sardonyx.

Aspasius. Pallas and Jupiter, two busts, in red jasper.

Aulus. A Greek horseman. The heads of Diana, Æsculapius, and Ptolemy Philopater, in sardonyx, together with a quadriga.

Alexander. A Cupid taming a lion; together with two Nymphs, on a sardonyx.

Axeochus. A bacchic Faun.

TAMYRIS. A sphynx, in cornelian.

SOSTRATUS. A Cupid driving two harnessed lionesses, in agate of two colours. A Meleager. An Atalanta.

SOPHOCLES. A winged Medusa's head, in chalcedony.

POLYCLETUS. Diomed with the palladium in his hand, on a sardonyx.

PLOTARCHUS. Cupid on a lion, in sardonyx.

ONESAS. A Muse. A head of Hercules, with the olive crown.

NICOMARCHUS. A Faun, in black agate.

LAEJUS. Head of Charon.

ANTEROS. Hercules with a bull on his shoulders, on a chalcedony.

PHILEMON. Theseus, in sardonyx. Head of a Faun.

APOLLONIDES. Diana, in amethyst. A bull couchant, in sardonyx.

SELEUCUS.

CARPUS. Bacchus and Ariadne, on a panther, in red jasper.

MYRTON. Leda on a swan.

CRONIUS.

DIOSCORIDES. Olymp. 190—200. Heads of the Emperor Augustus, Mæcenas, Hermes, Diomed, Perseus, &c.

LUCIUS. Victory on a biga, in sardonyx.

HYLLUS. Cleopatra. A bull.

FELIX. Ulysses and Diomed, in sardonyx.

SOLON. Mæcenas. Cupid. A Medusa's head. Diomed with the palladium.

EPITYNCHANUS. Germanicus, in sardonyx.

EUODUS. Julia, daughter of Vespasian, in beryl.

AEPOLION. Head of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius.

QUINTILLUS. Neptune on a biga, in beryl.

REMARKS.

From the preceding notices of the most eminent ancient artists and their works, by means of which the Greeks and Romans have acquired so distinguished a place in the history of mankind, result the following general observations:—

1. That the imitative arts originated in the religious sentiments of the age in which they arose or were practised.

2. That the arts were in their perfection when religious pomp had attained its greatest height.

3. That, with the decline both of the feeling and the pomp of religion, the arts also declined.

The evidences afforded by the history of artists and works of art, in confirmation of these remarks, are briefly these:—

1. Architecture, considered as a real art, originated in the construction of temples in Egypt, Greece, and Italy, as well as in the other civilized countries of antiquity. Its highest perfection was cotemporary with the highest degree of religious pomp that prevailed among each of these nations. It invariably began to decline when it was chiefly employed in the embellishment of human habitations. At the time when grand and magnificent abodes were erected for the gods, and men were satisfied with mean and simple dwellings, it was still an *art;* but when the reverse of this took place, it became degraded into a *servant*.

2. Sculpture commenced with the representation of the gods in the temples, or at least before the altars. It was not men, but the figures of the gods that were the first subjects of plastic art. Setting out with the representation of the ideal, it at length followed solely the truth of nature. The era of its supreme perfection, in which it has appeared but once in this world with the Jupiter and Pallas of Phidias, the Juno of Polycletus, and the Venus of Scopas, falls in the age of Pericles, in which religious

magnificence had arrived at its highest pitch in Greece. To the subsequent artists, even to Praxitiles and Lysippus, that era continued to be a model and prototype. Nay, the ideal in art, and in so far also its excellence, declined, particularly since the time of those two artists, the more rapidly the more they confined themselves to the representation of men only, the more they copied them as portraits, and the more a sense of religion began to fall off together with its pomp. At a later period, under Hadrian, this art once more revived, when that emperor strove to introduce magnificence again into religion, and for this purpose caused innumerable temples to be erected in Italy and Greece, and to be provided with priests.

3. When painting emerged from the obscurity in which she was buried till the time of Panænus, she united herself with sculpture in chusing the heroic mythology for the subject of her labours. She sought her ideal among the heroes and heroines. Hence the so frequent representations of Hercules, Jason, Theseus, the Dioscuri, Helen, Medea, and Antiope: hence the great multitude of subjects borrowed from the heroic age, as the Argonautic expedition, the battle of the Amazons, the Trojan war, &c. From these compositions it gradually descended to the production of mere portraits.

Hence follows the remark, that among the ancients art declined the more, the more it was deficient in the divine, which can alone produce a religious feeling and promote religious pomp. In religion it had found the highest ideal. In proportion as it departed from this, and employed itself in the delineation of what is common, of the mere truth of nature, it became richer indeed in the detail, more ornamental and more correct in the individual parts, but more deficient in intrinsic energy. At length, at the time of the overthrow of the ancient mythology, the arts totally disappeared.

The parallel furnished to the history of ancient art by the progress of the modern, is not unimportant.

Here too architecture first rose again in a new form, in the Gothic Lombard ecclesiastical style. Here too the plastic art, as painting in the time of Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Jacobo della Porta, San Sovino, Raphael, and others, had attained, at the epoch of the greatest religious pomp, its highest elevation. It will thus be easy to determine the degree which ought to be assigned to the arts of the present day.

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

REMARKS ON THE INEFFECTUAL METHODS OFTEN PRACTISED OF DEFENDING EDIFICES FROM THE INJURY OF LIGHTNING, AND BEST MEANS OF OBTAINING SECURITY AGAINST THUNDER-STORMS, IN HOUSES, CARRIAGES, ON BOARD OF SHIPS, AND IN OTHER SITUATIONS.

EXPERIENCE has sufficiently demonstrated the utility of securing edifices against the effects of lightning by what are called *conducting rods;* and this art of defence is now very generally adopted in situations where the chance of injury from thunder-storms is considerable. Unfortunately, however, most of the conductors of lightning applied to houses near this metropolis, are but ill contrived to guard against the effect which they are to obviate, and many of them might be pointed out which draw danger to the spot where they are placed. Those who are familiar with the science of electricity, must be aware of the truth of this assertion; they cannot but notice, that nine out of ten of the conductors which are to be met with in the vicinity of London, and particularly at Deptford, Greenwich, Hammersmith, &c. betray so palpably the ignorance of those by whom they were erected, as to leave no doubt that they are the works of the blacksmith or plumber, or others totally unacquainted with the principles of electrical science. The conductors are seldom connected with the leaden gutters, and other metallic matters, of the house, as they always ought to be; they seldom pass down into the ground in a direct line, but, on the contrary, they usually make many angles and zig-zag bends; they often pass near a leaden rain-water-pipe, without being connected with it. There are three instances on record of houses in the neighbourhood of London having been struck by lightning within these five years, so as to sustain some damage, although they were furnished with conductors; and these accidents happened in consequence of the houses being furnished with faulty conductors. It is not our intention to expand this argument to a greater length.

The method of defending buildings against the effects of lightning can scarcely fail to be effectual, if applied with attention to the following circumstances:—The conducting rod, or rods, for if the edifice is large there should be several, ought to be of copper or iron, three quarters of an inch thick. Its uppermost end should be pointed, and project at least three feet above the highest part of the house; and as the whole length of the rod cannot be formed out of one piece, it is advisable to screw the separate rods together. The direction of the rod should be as straight or direct as possible; and the lower extremity of it should descend several feet below the foundation of the house, and from which it should incline, or bend off, outwards; and if it can be connected with a drain, a water-course, or damp ground,

the better. All the metallic parts of the house, particularly on the roof, should be connected with the rod. If the conducting rod is made of iron, the part under ground is better made of copper, to prevent its decay from the continual action of moisture under ground. If copper be employed for the conductor, a wire of half an inch in diameter is sufficient for a building called a second-rate house. The conductors with which ships are defended against lightning are usually chains, but these are always very improper. A copper wire, permanently fixed to the ship's masts, would be preferable. It would also be prudent to encircle the deck with a band of copper, or other metal, which, together with the wire attached to the mast, should form a continuity with the copper sheeting attached to the bottom of the vessel; and if the ship has no copper bottom, the metal band should pass over the bottom or side of the keel, and form a connection with other bands encircling the sides of the vessel: and if the wire on the masts form one continuity with the metallic bands, it appears impossible that the vessel can be struck by the lightning to which it may be exposed. The conductors for powder-magazines are best placed at a little distance from the building: one extremity of the conductor should be elevated ten or twelve feet above the highest part of the building, and the other descend eight or ten feet below the level of the foundation. For perfect security from all possible danger, with regard to houses of all kinds, it has been recommended to attach to the sides of the foundation of each partition-wall a strip of lead, connected with a similar strip, which must entirely surround the foundation of the house. A perdendicular strip on each side of the house should rise from this bed of metallic conductors; and being connected with water-pipes, &c. be continued to the roof, where the method of defending the bottom should be imitated. The top should be surrounded by a strip, whose connection must spread over every edge and prominence, and hence continue to the summit of the building. The strips of lead should be two inches wide, and a fourth of an inch thick. This method of defence may at first sight appear expensive, but if proper use be made of the leaden pipes, leaden gutters, and copings, that are met with in most buildings, the expense will be considerably lessened. The fastening of the rods to the sides or walls of the houses, is best effected by firm staples of a much larger size than the diameter of the conducting rod. The part of the rod which passes through them should be surrounded with woollen cloth, dipped in melted pitch or oil-paint.

Carriages are usually filleted round with metal: if these fillets are connected with each other by metal bands, and the carriage be a covered one, it may be considered as a sufficiently secure situation.

As a provision for personal security during a thunder storm, a few precautions are necessary. The following remarks are given by Mr. Singer, whose reputation as a scientific electrician is sufficiently known, and to whom we are indebted for the statement thus laid

before our readers* :—In the open air shelter should not be sought immediately under a tree or building; for should the tree be struck, such a place would be particularly dangerous. The distance of twenty or thirty feet from high trees or houses, is, on the contrary, an eligible situation; for should a discharge take place, these prominent bodies are most likely to receive it, and the less elevated objects in their vicinity may therefore escape uninjured. It is quite essential, during a thunder-storm, to avoid every considerable mass of water, and even the streamlets that may have been formed from a shower, for these are conductors of electricity; and the height of a human being, when connected with them, is very likely to determine the course of an electrical discharge. The most secure place within doors is the middle of the room; and this place may be rendered still more secure by standing on a hair mattress, or thick woollen hearth-rug. The part of every house least likely to receive injury is the middle story, for the lightning does not always pass from the clouds to the earth, but is sometimes discharged from the earth to the clouds. It is therefore absurd to take refuge in a cellar, or in the lowest story of the house; and instances might be mentioned, in which the basement story has been the only part of the building that suffered injury, the lightning being divided and weakened as it ascended. Whatever situation be chosen, any approach to the fire-place should always be avoided, for the chimneys of a house are likely to determine the course of the lightning. The same precaution is necessary with respect to gilt picture-frames, gilt ledges, and other gilt or metal furniture, bell-wires, and in fact all moderately extensive surfaces of metal of every description. In a carriage, the precaution of keeping at some inches distant from its sides or back is also advisable. Such are the rational precautions which may be adopted against the effects of lightning. We have been rather ample in the enumeration of these particulars, from a desire to supply what useful information the present state of electrical science may afford, and to diminish that anxiety and fear by which the minds of some individuals are oppressed during the occurrence of the magnificent and awful phenomena of a thunder-storm. The effects of the apparently mysterious agencies of nature have always a powerful influence upon the uneducated mind; and, by conjuring up a host of imaginary terrors, may tend to suspend the action of its best energies, if properly directed to the useful investigations of nature. But when we acquire true ideas of the agencies of nature, and the powers which surround us, we are encouraged and emboldened to meet their effects with feelings equally remote from vain confidence, or childish and useless fear.

* Those who are desirous of farther information on this head, or who wish to become familiar with the subject of electricity, and its connection with the wonderful agency called Galvanism, are referred to Singer's *Elements of Electricity and Electro-Chemistry*.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF CHARLES THE TWELFTH, KING OF SWEDEN.

(Concluded from p. 206.)

THE besiegers consisted of 20,000 Tartars and 6000 Turks; and to these Charles opposed his 300 Swedes. The Janizaries on one side, and the Tartars on the other, forced the little camp in an instant. Twenty Swedes had scarcely time to draw their swords, before the greater part of the 300 were surrounded and taken prisoners without resistance. Charles, who was on horseback with some of his officers giving orders, seeing that they had not made the stand he expected, cried out, "Let those who have any courage left, and are faithful to me, follow me, and I'll promote them." He was instantly joined by about twenty-six common footmen, some of whom were armed with spits and other kitchen utensils; and, dismounting, he made his retreat sword in hand towards his palace, which the Turks were plundering, and of which they made themselves masters, with the exception of one room, and in that room were the secretary Erenpreus, and twenty-two others of the king's friends. Charles having gained the western door, in striving to break through the crowd, fell down. At that instant a Janizary discharged a pistol so near him that it singed his left eyebrow, and without doing him any other mischief than glancing upon and a little scratching the tip of his ear, and slightly marking his nose, broke General Hordh's arm. The king recovering himself almost as soon as he was down, and being supported without by his little guard, and within by the inclosed party, who held the door open, entered; and having got his followers in after him, fastened it, and reviewed his little garrison, which now amounted to 42 persons. Having created some among them officers, and encouraged them both by promises and example, though more by the latter than the former, he had the door opened that led into the great hall, and made a sally upon the Turks with all his people, some armed with swords, some with pistols, and some with both. At first they met with a vigorous resistance, especially from the Janizaries, who, relying on their superior number, endeavoured to break and divide the royal battalion; and they had so nearly gained their point, with the loss of twelve of their comrades, that several had surrounded the king, while a greater number kept the rest in check, till Charles, having killed two and wounded a third, this man, being exasperated at the sight of his blood, fell upon him, and cut off the top of a cap made of sables, which he then wore, with his sabre, and had raised his arm to inflict a second more fatal blow, when the king grasped the middle of the blade with his left hand, and wrested it from him. Meanwhile a Janizary, who was desirous only of taking him prisoner, to obtain the bashaw's reward, rushed upon him, and, pushing him violently

against the wall, seized him by the collar, and called to his companions to help to disarm and carry him off; but Charles perceiving in the crowd General Sparre's cook with a pistol in his hand, winked at him to fire, which he did, and shot the Janizary who had hold of the king dead upon the spot. The king's arms being thus at liberty, he struck another Janizary that was near him dead to the ground; and putting himself again at the head of his people, whom he rallied, renewed the fight, and made himself master of the field, or rather hall, of battle in less than half an hour. From thence, passing into his own chamber, he found it full of Turks and Tartars, who were plundering, and who, at his approach, opening the windows of the room, escaped by leaping out; but the king seeing two who were squatted in a corner, and hid one under the other, holding their pistols up at him, ran them both through with his long sword, and was going to do the same by a third, who lay concealed under a little field-bedstead, had he not cried out for mercy, and thrown his scimeter away.

Having, at length, cleared the house, and lost but eight of his brave troop, the king had all the doors and casements made fast, and distributed every one to his post, placing at each window barricadoes, with muskets, of which there was no want, to fire on the besiegers: they had also plenty of powder in the loft, where the Turks had not been.

The scene being thus changed, they fired through the casements upon the enemy, who were now assembled in greater numbers. The Turkish cannon not doing the hoped-for execution, from the softness of the walls, they were obliged to stand the brunt of the Swedish musketry, and 200 men were soon killed on the spot. But the khan and bashaw feeling ashamed that 20,000 Tartars, and between 5 and 6000 Turks, should be unable to take thirty men shut up in a house, thought of a stratagem at last whereby to bring matters to a conclusion. The roof of the palace being of wood, the Tartars fastened lighted matches to their arrows, and discharged them in showers upon it, while the Janizaries, gathering straw and wood, laid them to the largest door, and in less than a quarter of an hour the house seemed involved in flames. Notwithstanding this, the besieged continued firing, and the king, with some others, got upon the roof to try to extinguish the flames; but the roof beginning to sink, Charles went down to seek for water in Marshal Duben's room. Finding nothing but wine and brandy, he, in his haste (as did two of his men), filled his hat with those liquors, threw them upon the fire, and perceived too late that they were only adding to the fury of the element. However, the scarcity of water was so great, that the king, finding himself excessively thirsty, as well by the heat of the fight as the flames, drank a large bumper of wine, the only one he had ever tasted since his leaving Stockholm, having from the commencement of his military career wholly abstained from every beverage but water.

Charles, seeing no hopes of extinguishing the fire, took himself

a musket, and was firing through the barricadoes, when the flames having seized the ceiling, made it split, and sink in like the roof, without his being in the least alarmed. On the contrary, as if more animated by his danger, he continued firing, and ordering his people to made a hotter attack than ever upon the besiegers; insomuch that the Turks cried out in astonishment, "Alla! Alla! will the king let himself be burnt? or is he naturalized to the flames like a salamander?" In fine, the whole palace was but one burning pile, in the midst of which this northern Hercules seemed (as is related of the fabulous one) resolved to consume himself; when his companions, two of whom had been buried under the flaming ruins, expressed a desire either to preserve themselves, or to perish more gloriously. The trabant Wallberg was the first who said to the king, "Let us be gone, sire, the place is no longer tenable; we must not be so cruel or unjust to ourselves, as to stay to be burnt alive—let us go out." Charles replied hastily, "Oh! no: 'tis better to die here like brave men, defending ourselves to the last gasp, than surrender to our infidel enemies, for the sake of a short life." Colonel Chambers and the trabant Rose knew better how to flatter the king's temper, and proposed to him to sally out and gain the chancery-house, which being entirely of stone, had nothing to fear from fire, and there they might renew the fight. Charles approved the project, without perceiving the deceit put upon him, and instantly sallied out at the head of his little band, as well armed as their situation permitted, upon the besiegers. Every one fired two pistols at the instant the door opened, and in the twinkling of an eye throwing away their pistols, and drawing their swords, they drove the Turks back the distance of fifty paces; but the moment after the whole were surrounded. The king being booted, according to custom, was thrown down by the entangling of his spurs, and immediately twenty-one Janizaries bore him off among them to the bashaw's quarters, whence he was the next morning conveyed as a prisoner to Adrianople. He was then removed to a little castle called Demirtash, where he remained in total inactivity till October, 1714, on the 1st of which month he set out, by consent of the Porte, for his own dominions, by way of Germany.

On the 21st of November, the king reached the gates of Stralsund, where he was not for some time recognised, it being universally imagined throughout Sweden, that their monarch had been put to death by the Turks. The joy occasioned by his safe arrival was universal. The news ran all over Stralsund in an instant. Though in the middle of the night, the people all rose from their beds; the soldiers thronged about the governor's house, where the king was; the streets were filled with people, the windows were illuminated, the conduits ran with wine, and all the ordnance were fired. Meanwhile Charles was put to bed (which was more than he had been for sixteen days), and his legs were so swollen with the fatigue of his journey, that they were obliged to cut off his boots. When he had slept some

hours, the first thing he did was to review his troops; and he sent out orders that very day, to renew the war against his enemies with greater vigour than ever. The first contest was with the Prussians, who had taken a little island at the mouth of the Oder, called Usedom, and that of Rugen, from the Swedes; and who afterwards besieged the king in Stralsund. During the siege, Charles was one day dictating to a secretary some dispatches for Stockholm, when a bomb falling on the house, came through the roof, and burst very near his room. In this noise and confusion the secretary dropped his pen, and thought the house was coming down. "What's the matter with you?" said the king calmly, "why do you not write?" —The man could only bring out, "The bomb, sir."—"Well," replied the king, "and what has the bomb to do with our business? Go on."

In four days the enemy made an assault upon the hornwork, which they took twice and were beaten off; but at last their numbers prevailing, they became masters of it. Charles continued in the place two days after that, and staid till midnight upon a ravelin that was quite destroyed by the bombs and cannon. With great difficulty he effected his escape to Ystadt, in Sweden, and in October, 1718, went to make a second attack upon Norway.

Having abandoned Christiana, he invested Frederickshall, himself assisting in the works. On the 11th December, he went out about nine at night to view the trenches, and finding the parallel not advanced to his mind, he was a little vexed; but Monsieur Megret, a French engineer, who conducted the siege, assured him the place would be taken within eight days. "We shall see," said Charles, "what can be done;" and going on with the engineer to examine the works, he stopped at a place were the *boyau* made an angle with the parallel, and kneeling upon the inner talus, he leaned with his elbows on the parapet to look at the men who were forming the trenches by starlight. As he stood, half his body was exposed to a battery of cannon exactly levelled at the angle where he was, and not a person was near him but Mons. Siker, his aide-de-camp, and the engineer. The cannon fired incessantly from this battery with chain-shot: on a sudden they observed the king fall, and heard him sigh very deeply. They ran to him immediately, but he was quite dead, a ball of half a pound having struck him on the right temple, beat in his left eye, and wholly driven out the right. His head was lying over the parapet, so that he was in a manner standing, and his left hand firmly grasped the guard of his sword.

Thus fell Charles XII. aged 36 years, 5 months, and 13 days, having known the extremes of prosperity and of adversity, without being softened by the one, or in the least disturbed by the other. All his actions, even those of his private life, are almost beyond any measure of probability. He carried all the virtues of the hero to such excess that they became faults, and were as dangerous as any of the opposite vices. His resolution grown to obstinacy, occasioned his misfortunes in the Ukraine, and kept him

five years in Turkey; his liberality degenerating into profusion, impoverished Sweden; his courage becoming rashness, was the occasion of his death. He was the first that ever had the ambition to be a conqueror, without wishing to increase his dominions; and if he had a desire to gain kingdoms, it was only that he might give them away. Before a battle he was full of confidence, exceedingly modest after a victory, and in a defeat undaunted. He was a staunch friend and supporter of the Reformed Church, notwithstanding Voltaire's doubts on that subject, and was ever anxious to set soldiers an example of piety as well as valour. In a word, he would have been the most glorious and happy monarch in the world, had he known as well how to use a victory, as how to gain one; and might, after triumphing over all his enemies, have made a peace honourable beyond all expression, have held the balance of Europe, and been at once the admiration as he was the wonder of the world.

ANECDOTE OF MARSHAL THE DUKE OF RICHELIEU.

THE following anecdote of the illustrious ancestor of the present Duke of Richelieu, may not be uninteresting to the generality of our readers.

The dauntless spirit of the marshal led him sometimes into situations which a more prudent general would avoid. On one of these occasions, when he had rashly rushed into the midst of a detachment of the enemy, a grenadier, perceiving his danger, pressed forward, and threw himself between the duke and a soldier who was about to cut him down. The grenadier was wounded, but not mortally: the duke ordered proper care to be taken of him; and, as his comrades were carrying him off, desired him to come to the Hotel de Richelieu when he recovered, and he should be liberally rewarded. It was not, however, till some years afterwards that the grenadier, who was then very old, and in the Hospital of Invalids, availed himself of the duke's permission; but when he made his appearance at the Hotel de Richelieu, he was scornfully repulsed by the porter, who told him the duke would not see such a person as he, and if he had any business he should write.—"But I can't write."—"Then get some one to do it for you," replied the surly Cerberus, shutting the door in the veteran's face. This rough reception did not, however, discourage the grenadier; he went repeatedly, though always sure to be turned away. His perseverance was at last rewarded; the duke observed him, and questioned the porter about him. "He is an old soldier, monseigneur, who had the presumption to desire to see you." —"But," replied the duke, "you should have admitted him. Don't you know that I am myself an old soldier? and do you think I would refuse to see a comrade?" The next day the grenadier came as usual, and was admitted immediately to the duke, who asked him with much affability what he wanted. The grenadier soon explained the cause of his visit, and the duke

good-naturedly reproached him for not sooner coming to claim the promised reward. While they were conversing the Duke of Biron entered, and a few minutes afterwards dinner was announced. "My friend," said the marshal to the grenadier, "you shall dine with me;" and turning to the Duke de Biron, "we must take our seats at table," said he, "according to seniority. I shall have the first place, because I am the oldest; my friend here must sit next me, because he is nearly as old as myself; and you, marshal, being younger than either of us, must be content with the third place." The marshal laughed at the conceit, and they took their places accordingly. When dinner was over, and the grenadier's heart was warmed with some excellent wine, in which the duke took care to pledge him heartily, "Now, my friend," cried he, "tell me frankly how you are off in the hospital; do you find yourself comfortable?"—"Pretty well, monseigneur; we want for nothing, but sometimes I should like to have a little more brandy and tobacco."—"Well, then, you shall not want for them: I would tell you to come and live here, but, at your age, it is not pleasant to leave old friends and habits; I will therefore settle on you one hundred louis (which was a considerable sum in France in those days) a year; and as I may die before you, I will take care that my successor shall pay it you as long as you live; and if any thing should happen to make a farther sum necessary to you, don't be afraid to apply to me. I shall never forget, that it is my duty to render comfortable the life of him who preserved mine."

The overjoyed veteran retired, not less delighted with the favour bestowed upon him, than with the graceful manner in which it was conferred. The duke gave him a year's pension in advance; and we may suppose, that the first use which the honest veteran made of it, was to drink health and long life to his noble benefactor.

MISCELLANIES.

COGITATIONS OF JOANNES SCRIBLERUS.

"But the many irregularities committed by servants in many places, of which masters are generally the occasion, are too various, not to need being resumed on another occasion."

SPECTATOR.

AMONG the numerous vexations that tend to sour our tempers and disguise our features with the semblance of moroseness, perhaps there is none so capable of producing this effect as the conduct or behaviour of our servants: and it is surely worth the while of that person who desires to preserve internal peace in his family, to inquire why our domestics, instead of feeling an interest in our concerns, should so manifestly and constantly cross us with respect to our wishes and commands; and to seek some plan for the reformation in manners both of the mistress and the servant, as may tend to make them what they were intended to be, of mutual advantage to each other. I have heard it urged, with regard to servants, as I have with regard to many other circumstances and things, that now-a-days servants are not worth having: there was a time, indeed, when our grandmothers were liv-

ing, that domestics were a blessing, when they remained ten, twenty, or thirty years in a family; but now, forsooth, they only stop in your place time enough to get fine clothes, or while the charm of novelty attaches them to you; and then they leave their mistresses, poor souls, after they have made every effort to serve them, nursed them in sickness, cherished them in health, and shewn them, by their conduct, the vast difference between their own cultivated minds and their ignorance. Methinks it might be of no small service to us, as we have the liberty of doling out our complaints to each other, if we could sometimes hear also the objection of the servants to our conduct; for there is an old saying, and a very true one too, that we should always hear both sides of the question, before we judge of the truth or propriety of either: by regarding this, we are no doubt capable of judging the truth, or at least of hearing many things, an attention to which might prove of infinite service to both parties. If birth or education gave, as a matter of course, a certain rectitude of conduct in the master or mistress of a family, I should then be willing to allow, that servants should implicitly bow to the fiat of their employers without murmuring an objection, and that the word of the latter should be unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. This, however, is not the case: they see us with all the advantages of theory and practice; with opportunities of attaining those sublime heights of morality from which the servant is debarred, indulging in meanness, passion, moroseness, and petty tyranny. They see us bringing up our children to usurp an undue authority over them, and often to irritate them, even to the desire of revenge. The very infant they would cherish, is too often taught to repay their kindness with treachery, and perhaps the fib of the *little master* is suffered to ruin their character, almost without an appeal. Let it not be supposed, that I wish to raise the character of the lower class at the expense of those in the higher. I was never yet a defender of equality, and certainly shall not begin now. The theory is exploded, and the practice, thank God, grown out of fashion.

I would ask some of these notable ladies, these changelings in servants, what interest has any domestic in the concerns of one who never studies their situation? and how can it be supposed, that such domestic will scruple to leave that person who exacts as much work as can conveniently be performed by one servant, for the reward of certain wages only, who partakes of the offals of her larder, is allowed a bed, and such common accommodations only as can be gained in any other place? Why then should she act beyond her duty farther than is necessary to procure a character for another and as indifferent a situation? A domestic uncheered when she fulfils her duty, unrewarded when she consults your interest, becomes a hardened and licensed invader of your property; and frequently punishes you with extravagance, if you are above warming her with the praises due to a good action, or stimulating her to proper efforts by holding out encourage-

ment for exertions made in your behalf, or at least attempting, by kindness, to purchase her gratitude. You hire some poor, uneducated girl, who, perhaps, never knew her duty, and, while she is young, you may possibly terrify her into your purpose. Very soon, however, she learns to laugh at your government of would-be terror, and becomes in turn your mistress. She has no esteem for you, for you never instructed her in her duty, excepting where self was concerned; and she sees you disfigured with the storms of envy, sullenness, or passion. Again, when you engage a servant, you insist upon it, that she shall possess nearly the whole of the cardinal virtues: that she shall be sober, honest, civil; that she shall have no followers, not dress gaily, and possess a long list of other qualifications, negative and positive. Cut off from social intercourse with those friends whose respectability it is your duty to ascertain, and whom you ought at proper times to allow them to visit, and be visited by, they encroach on your time to chat with the first idle fellow who meets with them as he issues from some public-house; some midnight robber insinuates himself into your dwelling, to commit his depredations on you; or some dapper clerk, or shopkeeping Lothario, robs your servant of her innocence and all her hopes in life. Here let me say a few words concerning a terrible evil complained of by some good housewifes, of servants dressing beyond the situation intended for them by Providence. Far be it from me to insinuate, that the money which should be laid by for future exigencies, should be dissipated in dress: yet is there not in all of us a spirit, and perhaps a proper one, of appearing to the best advantage? Does not the mistress rouge her cheeks, and plume her head? Does she not adopt the flaxen curl, when her's, alas! wears the silver or the grey? and yet she can stigmatize the white stocking or the holiday ribbon. It is not my intention to justify these, but I would advise such a lady to look first at home, because she ought to know better; instead of which, she shews the servant at once, that she feels the attempt at rivalry by chiding her in anger, instead of telling her as a friend, that it is her interest alone which she is consulting. I have heard it also urged, that by so dressing, the mistress has really been fearful that her servant should be mistaken for her. Really, Mr. Editor, this is unanswerable; and I cannot suppose, that you have among your subscribers, mistresses of families of a demeanour such as that of a servant must necessarily be; even if a very plain, or rather aged, matron should employ a young and smart domestic, I do presume, that when either opens her mouth, the real character would be sufficiently apparent.

But this idea is too laughable to be longer entertained. I am not prepared to contest at present, and at full length, the advantages and disadvantages of educating our inferiors; but I am certain, that if in that holy book called the Bible is contained all our hopes and consolation, we are not authorized by any excuse whatever in withholding from them so great a treasure; we are not to restrain them from knowledge, because they may make

an ill use of it, any more than we are allowed to withhold relief from an apparently distressed object, because he may be an impostor, and perish. In order that the servant may practise her duty, she must be first taught it; and in order to cause her to practise what she knows, this stimulus must be kept alive by a frequent recurrence to the grand manual of life, the Scriptures. Sickness may detain servants from church; distance and the duties of their station may prevent their hearing the preacher: but while they can themselves peruse the volume of life, they will have no excuse for neglecting what ought to be their study. It has been affirmed by some to whose opinion respect is due, that educated servants are ever the least conscientious; while the unlettered, for I would only have them taught to read, are alone doers of their duty. Solitary instances of this sort are to be cited, but I trust they are solitary ones, for solecisms of circumstance will occur in a world where mortals are an incongruous mixture of baleful passions.

I cannot as yet plume myself on the success of any plans for procuring domestic quiet, but I sincerely call upon your readers to give some attention to these imperfect hints, and hope they may stimulate others to prosecute these important inquiries.

ADVENTURES OF DIANA DREADNOUGHT.

Mr. EDITOR,

I am the only child of a gentleman who has but a life interest in his property, and neither his disposition nor my mother's will suffer them to save any part of their income: it was settled, accordingly, almost as soon as I came into the world, that I must make my fortune by marriage. In consequence of this *rational* determination, I received a most brilliant and expensive education; was brought out, as the phrase is, with every advantage; and yet, Mr. Editor, after displaying for ten years my person and accomplishments in the first circle, I may sing,

"Nobody coming to marry me!"

a misfortune, however, which I should bear very patiently, were it not that my mamma, whose temper, *entre nous*, is none of the sweetest, plagues me from morning till night; because, as she says, my bad management has spoiled all the splendid prospects which my beauty and her industry had procured for me. Whether she is, or is not, in the right, you will be able to judge from the little sketch which I am about to give you of my adventures in search of a husband.

The first thing of which I am conscious, was the pains which every body round me took to impress upon my mind, that I was very happy, because I had fine clothes and a carriage to ride in. Of course, as I grew up a little, these *necessaries* of life became, in my opinion, so indispensable, that I could not conceive it possible to exist without them; and as soon as I was able to comprehend her, my mother gave me to understand, that the future possession of them must

depend entirely upon myself: for as I was born to no fortune, I must marry somebody with a very large one. I stood too much in awe of my mother to contradict her; but nature had, unhappily for me, done much to counteract her plans. I was of a quiet disposition, not at all ambitious; and, notwithstanding the manner in which I had been educated, could not without uneasiness see myself set up, as it were, for sale to the best bidder.

At sixteen I was brought out with an *éclât* better suited to an heiress's introduction to the world, than that of a girl without a shilling; and the adulating crowds which followed my footsteps, raised my mother's hopes of my matrimonial success so high, that she declared that rank must be united with money, and I was peremptorily charged to give no encouragement to any suitor under the rank of a baronet at least. I obeyed this command with alacrity; for, to say the truth, I had no mind to put on the fetters of the saffron-robed deity: naturally lively and thoughtless, I looked not beyond the present moment, and happy in the enjoyment of all that I had been taught constituted happiness, I did not conceive any change in my situation could be for the better. Not so my mamma: when she found that she had been too sanguine in her expectations, and that neither lords nor baronets laid themselves at my feet, she began to try the effect of manœuvring, and, before the end of the first season, she drew from Mr. Medium, of Prudence-place, in ——shire, a formal proposal for me.

This was not, however, a proposal with which she was altogether satisfied. Mr. Medium's family and connections were certainly unexceptionable; but his fortune was moderate, and he had, as my mother phrased it, nothing dashing about him. "However, my dear," cried she, when she mentioned his proposal to my father, "he will do vastly well as a *derniere ressource*, and I have taken care that he shall engage himself as deeply as possible: but I desire, Diana," turning to me, "that you will not suffer yourself to be drawn in to give him any positive promise; your youth is a very good excuse for procrastinating your nuptials, and who knows how soon you may have a better offer?"

My father left the room with a "Pshaw!" which was the only way by which he ever ventured to manifest his dissent from my mother's imperial will; and I listened in silent acquiescence. I know not how she managed with Mr. Medium, but, without coming to any formal explanation with me, he seemed perfectly satisfied; and as some months passed without any other proposal, my mother began to think of expediting my nuptials, when Lord Francis Freelife gave me one evening at a grand dinner party for his toast, swearing, at the same time, that if there was a woman in England who could reconcile him to that cursed bore matrimony, it was the divine Diana Dreadnought. Some officious friend reported this speech to my mamma, who told me immediately, that, if it was not my own fault, she was certain I might be Lady Francis Freelife within a few months. I ventured on this occasion, for the first time in my

life, to speak, as if I thought I ought to be allowed a will of my own: highly as I had been taught to value rank and title, I was far from wishing to gain them by giving my hand to Lord Francis, whose person and manners were highly disagreeable to me; but I had scarcely begun to mention my objections, when my mother silenced me with a peremptory "I will have it so! and after the education which you have received, Diana, you ought to blush at speaking in this *missish* manner: you can make no reasonable objection to one of the most accomplished men in England, a man who is envied by all the fine fellows of the day for the superior manner in which he dresses, dances, and drives four in hand." Perceiving that I could scarcely refrain from laughing at this catalogue of Lord Francis's *accomplishments*, my mother's passion rose to such a height, that she declared, if I did not follow implicitly her directions in the affair, she should no longer consider me as her child.

This threat effectually silenced me, for I loved my mother as much as I feared her. Lord Francis became a frequent guest at our house, and for nearly twelve months his behaviour was such as to keep my mother in daily expectation of his proposals; but chancing to find me alone one evening, when he had been making copious libations to Bacchus, he presumed to behave with more freedom and less respect than he had ever before used towards me. I would have retired the moment I perceived his situation, but placing his back to the door, he began a vehement rhapsody, by which I could just understand, that I was too much of an angel to be made the victim of so senseless an institution as matrimony; born to command the homage of all mankind, it would be cruelty in the extreme to make me the property of an individual. I cut short this display of his lordship's *liberal* opinions, by ringing the bell, and ordering the footman to shew him the door; an affront which he resented so highly that he never entered the house again.

A proposal, which my mother received for me the next morning, from Sir Bryan O'Banagher, enabled her to support her disappointment from Lord Francis with considerable philosophy. Sir Bryan was an Irish baronet of family and fortune, and, when a young man, had been remarkably handsome; but, at the period of which I am speaking, he was considerably turned of fifty, and it was said that for the last thirty years he had never gone to bed sober. I must own that this was his only failing, but it was one which inspired me with an insuperable dislike to him: yet to escape the alliance was no easy matter. Mr. Medium had been so disgusted with the treatment he had received, that he had withdrawn his pretensions; I was too much in awe of my mother to give Sir Bryan himself any intimation of my real sentiments; and my mamma managed matters so, that the unsuspecting baronet attributed the coldness of my behaviour to maidenly reserve. A lawsuit, in which he was engaged, delayed our marriage: in order to expedite it, he was obliged to return to Ireland, and nearly two years stole

away before matters came to any conclusion. At length Sir Bryan gained his suit, and wrote exultingly to my mother, that he was about to return to London, in the hope of being as fortunate in the court of love as he had been in that of equity. You may be sure my mother answered him favourably, and every thing was put *en train* for our marriage. I was jointured as highly as if I had brought him a splendid dowry; my jewels were magnificent; and my mother assured me ten times a day, that I was amazingly fortunate. I was, however, of a contrary opinion: all Sir Bryan's love and generosity could not eradicate the disgust which I had conceived for him; and when he found that my coldness continued unabated, he began to suspect the truth, and his suspicions were confirmed by the pains which he saw my mother take to keep us from being much together. He watched, however, for an opportunity of speaking to me in private, when he addressed me, as nearly as I can recollect, as follows:—

"You know, my dear Miss Dreadnought, that my poor countrymen have always been famous for blundering, and that is the only excuse which I can make for the capital one I have committed in paying my addresses to you. The truth is, your charms had so hoodwinked my reason, that I quite forgot how unlikely it was, that a *bon-vivant* of fifty should be an acceptable suitor to a beautiful girl of eighteen: fortunately, I have recovered my recollection time enough to prevent your being miserable for life. In restoring you to your liberty, I beg to be considered by you as a father instead of a lover, and I take upon myself to manage matters in such a manner with your parents, as to entirely screen you from their displeasure."

I was so delighted with the good-nature of the honest baronet, that I could at the moment have almost consented to show my gratitude by marrying him. He kept his word, for he managed so well, that I got off with a severe reprimand; which I believe was principally owing to his insisting on my mother's retaining all the magnificent presents which he had sent me, and to a hint he gave her, that he should not forget, whenever I married, that he had a daughter to portion. It was so long before I had another offer, that my mother was beginning to despair; when Sir Gilbert Glitter, who had just returned from the East with a fortune of more than a million, being persuaded by his acquaintance, that the only ornament wanting to his splendid mansion was a pretty wife, offered himself to my acceptance.

I had still stronger objections to this gentleman than to my former suitor, Sir Bryan: his family was mean, his temper bad, and his morals execrable; and in spite of all my mother's threats and entreaties, I positively refused him. He listened to my rejection without discomposure, told me that he liked me the better for my opposition to his wishes, for it had always been his pride to conquer difficulties, and he hoped by that day three months to salute me as Lady Glitter. In short, I should have been compelled to give him my hand, had not his valet (luckily for me)

paid his addresses to my mother's woman, and revealed to her, as a profound secret, that his master had always two black servants to sit and watch by his bed-side, in order to rouse him from his sleep whenever he was disturbed by frightful dreams; and this was generally three or four times a night. This circumstance furnished me with a plan to break off the match: I caused a ludicrous caricature of the baronet and his two attendants to be circulated, taking care at the same time to give publicity to a few private anecdotes, which accounted for Sir Gilbert's disturbed slumbers in a way not very creditable to his character. Methinks, Mr. Editor, I see you shake your head, and I confess that this piece of revenge would in other circumstances have been unpardonable; for although these anecdotes were strictly true, yet the truth ought not to be spoken at all times. My stratagem, however, succeeded; the nabob found himself so hurt at being treated with universal contempt and ridicule, that he quitted England abruptly, without even bidding our family farewell.

My next lover, the Hon. Simon Simper, was a perfectly negative character, but he was rich and well descended; and as I had by that time reached my twenty-fourth year, my mother's impatience to see me married was so great, that she hurried matters with Mr. Simper without much regard to form. The day was fixed, the settlements drawn, and my mother was completely engrossed by the delightful task of chusing clothes, laces, &c. when an accident, apparently trivial, put an end once more to my matrimonial prospects. One morning Mr. Simper, after chatting for some time on indifferent subjects, pulled out a copy of verses on a butterfly's wing, which he said he had picked up somewhere, and asked me to give him my opinion of their merit. He spoke with an air so easy and natural, that I had no doubt of his sincerity, and as the lines were really execrable, I made no scruple to tell him so. Conceive my astonishment, sir, when my milk-and-water gentleman threw himself into a violent passion, and accused my want of taste in such terms as convinced me, that he was himself the author of the precious *morçeau*. When he had rated himself out of breath with me, he flew to my mother; and telling her, that a circumstance had occurred which must ever preclude him from an alliance with her daughter, he flung out of the house; nor could she, with all her management, recall him.

This affair happened two years ago, and Mr. Simper being my last lover, I have ever since his defection been so incessantly upbraided by my mother, that my life is really miserable; and to tell you the plain truth, I should be glad to be married for peace sake. Now, sir, if your correspondent Sinceritas is bent upon *committing* matrimony, I think I may venture to say, in my own favour, that my temper and disposition will be found not unamiable, my person has been generally thought handsome, and as to my age, I am just six and twenty. With respect to the grand point, that of hearing nothing from him but the truth, I know not indeed how far I may in that respect

be qualified to act the part of Fatime to this modern Candide; but I will venture to promise, that if I do not always hear the truth with pleasure, at least I will listen to it without visible impatience or disgust: and I believe, Mr. Editor, you will allow, especially if you have the happiness to be married, that a man must be very unreasonable indeed if he requires more from his wife. I am, sir, your very humble servant,

DIANA DREADNOUGHT.

DESCRIPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.

THE circumference of the grand cone of Etna may be estimated at about 120 miles. The lower part forms the first region, covered with prodigious fertility, with cities and with towns, which render it in that respect the most pleasant and delightful abode on earth. The middle is the woody region, covered with forest; and the upper part forms the barren region, destitute of animals or plants. A horizontal section of the cone forms the summit, in the centre of which rises the little cone containing the crater, at intervals destroyed by the all-devouring element in its centre, and again renewed by the accumulated matter vomited forth. The upper part is covered with ice and snow, even in the summer, excepting the apertures whence issue the fire and smoke. Some of the ancients believed, that fire was there at peace with ice, and, in their writings, made miracles of phenomena which might have been easily explained, had they ascended to ascertain the truth and investigate the nature of the fact. Isolated on every part, and elevated to so immense a height beneath the azure vault, in the midst of an atmosphere pure and serene, the lofty summit of Etna presents the most magnificent spectacle that nature ever formed for curious and philosophic man. If navigation discovers new lands and new worlds; if, by the aid of telescopes, new bodies are discovered in the immensity of space, and our minds enriched with new lights and new ideas, for the observance of nature; not less useful and pleasing to the mind are those grand views which, uniting under one glance an infinite variety of different objects, multiply their mutual relations, and enable us, though remotely, to form some idea of the immensity of the world. There, less burthened by the weight of the atmosphere, and breathing an air pure and light, ideas are felt with more energy, and thoughts are formed more noble, more sublime, and more grand. The diminished density of the air occasioning diminished pressure, causes a general expansion of the body; respiration is performed more freely and extensively in proportion as the breast dilates; and this physical revolution producing one analogous in the mental constitution, distinguishes these moments from all others of our existence.

By the road, the distance from Catania to the summit of Etna, is 28 miles, but only 21 in a straight line. In the summer, the season fittest for ascending the mountain, setting out from the first region,

we experience that intensity of summer heat which renders grateful the shade of the woods and the vales. The mild and tranquil warmth of spring is felt in the second region. All nature smiles, perfumed with the odours of the herbs and the fields, which the solar rays develope, without being sufficiently powerful to dissipate: the air, embalmed with this rural breath, imparts the most delightful sensations, and the thick and silent wood obliterates from the mind the recollection, that, beneath our feet, glows with measureless and perennial fire the most terrible volcano of the world. Suddenly entering the barren region, vegetation disappears, and every bird that charmed the wood. The furious assault of winds, of cold, of clouds, and of fogs, succeeds; and towards the summit of the mountain, as in the polar regions, we walk on eternal snows. Returning, the same impressions are experienced in an inverse order; and the rapid succession which the body alternately undergoes from the extreme degrees of expansion and contraction, renders repose indispensable, and the short duration of the impressions leaves only in the memory the traces of a dream.

Travellers on the summit of Etna know only morning: the scene, however, continually varies throughout the day; and, although in the prospect the objects do not change their position, yet, as the decorations the light bestows are continually changing, so the interest they excite is always of a different nature. Into the composition of the picture enter the immense cone of Etna; the triangle of Sicily, washed on all sides by the sea; the island of Malta, which appears an obscure spot on the far surface of the deep; the Æolian islands, shining in the waves; and the continent of Calabria advancing imperiously into the sea, from the gulph of St. Eufemia on one side, and from Squillace on the other. The horizon is terminated all around by the aërial vapour, in which all objects are lost beyond the extension of our sight.

Whilst all is yet covered with the mantle of night, the bright star of day rising in the east, appears to call all nature to existence. In a manner solemn and slow, his rays dissipate confusion, and, gilding the summits, every object begins to assume its proper form, and display its beauties in the brilliant presence of light. When all is illuminated in the east, Etna covers with his vast shade the objects to the west. This phenomenon produces a magical effect in a mind capable of feeling great impressions: only a mountain, thus lofty and isolated, unencumbered by surrounding mountains, can produce a similar effect. From morn to noon the decorations are continually changing. The rays of light, imperious and constant, seem to excavate vallies, to raise hills, to plant thickets in places where at sun-rise there were only masses of confusion and obscurity, but now transformed into objects gay and variegated. At noon it enters the vallies, detaches the mountains from each other, produces strongly marked shades, and shews the face of nature more clear and detailed. Often the clouds, suspended in the middle region, at the sport of gen-

the breezes, dispense light and shade to the objects below. In the evening the spectacle, though different, is equally imposing. The setting sun tinges the clouds and the heavens with the loveliest hues. The mountains become more distinct, and project longer and stronger marked shades; and our sight is enraptured by that beautiful variety of colouring which the sun imparts to the sky and the mountain-tops as he sinks into the vast regions of the ocean. Sinking in a sea of vapour and of light, he sends forth from the extremity of the west that dazzling splendour which he diffuses so picturesquely over every object, uniting them all in soft and tranquil harmony. Inert and fugitive, the shadows lengthen as they decline, and the summits are tinged with more brilliant colours. Short are the moments of this sublime spectacle, shining in such festive majesty, and disposed with such grandeur before the eyes of the spectator, seated on the summit of Etna. Beheld by the philosopher from that summit, his reflection is fixed on the great island beneath his feet; the land of fable, the habitation of the most ancient Cyclops, the abode of the greatest nations of the earth; such wars, such memorable events, the cradle of so many beautiful inventions, where the sciences and fine arts so extensively flourished, where so many superb temples were erected by the hands of immortal artificers to the majesty of the gods; the country of Ceres, the island of the sun, the land of fecundity, and the granary of Italy and of the people of Rome.

That portion of Sicily situated between the chain of the Nebrodi mountains and the sea-shore, is one of the most beautiful and picturesque parts of the island. The mountains rise gradually from the shore in small and irregularly situated hills towards the centre; streams of water issue from every part, and fertilize the earth. Thick woods cover the heights and overshade their tops; every hill is crowned with a village, whose whiteness forms a beautiful contrast with the verdure of the surrounding woods. From the castle of Brolo, situated upon a lofty rock near the sea, between the capes Calava and Orlando, the prospect presents the most delightful and picturesque vallies; rude and pastoral habitations occupy the most fanciful and romantic situations, and the whole seems to recall the remembrance of the happy Arcadia. Calacta, with many other ancient and famous cities, formerly occupied these regions. The woods which cover the Nebrodi, but more thickly on the eastern side, descend into the vale resulting from the relative positions of these mountains, forming solitary and shady retreats. The snows, which on the summits remain throughout the summer, partially thawing, supply streams which maintain perpetual verdure in the vale below. Filtering through the rocks, they render the vegetation extremely vigorous; and the spring, dressing the forest with a thousand various flowers, produces an effect that enchants. Here, in beautiful irregularity, may be seen elegant plane-trees, with ancient oaks, elms, laurels, and beeches. Every thing induces us to believe, that these mountains and those of

the neighbouring regions are the celebrated Erean mountains of which Diodorus has left so enchanting a description: and these may be the vale and the woods sacred to the Nymphs, where Daphne, the inventor of the pastoral, was born; that offspring of Mercury and of a Nymph, rich in genius and in flocks, but unfortunate in the ill-fated loves, the cause of her sorrows, which excited the sympathy and were bewailed even by those same oaks which still grow on the banks of the Imerian streams.

The Æolian, now called the Lipari islands, rise in the sea between Italy and Sicily, but nearer to the latter, and precisely opposite to the plains of Milazzo. A view of them can no where be so advantageously taken as from the summit of Etna: from thence they are viewed as on a map; shining amid the waters, bounded on one part by Italy, and on the other by the northern side of Sicily, which at that moment appears the extreme border of the immense cone on which the spectator is seated with so much satisfaction.

These islands were rendered interesting in many respects by the fancy of the ancient poets. In one of them Vulcan had established his forges, where, with the Cyclops, his companions, he worked the bolts and the thunder of Jove. Diana was conducted hither by Latona, when only three years old; the damsel, unterrified, received the caresses of the smoke-covered Bronte, who took her to his rough embraces, and, with Cupid, he worked for her the bow and the quiver. In another the sonorous tempests and contending winds were confined in a horrible and frightful cavern, under the command of Æolus, their sovereign, who, with his powerful hand, restrained their fury and their wrath. It is related in ancient verses, that here the Cyclops, as in the environs of Etna, inhabited the grottos and the cavities. After the lapse of many ages, Liparus, with many followers, came over from Italy, and established himself in the largest of the islands, where he formed a city, to which he gave his name. When very aged, Æolus, the son of Ippota, arrived here with a fleet, and marrying a daughter of the king, became successor to the kingdom, which was afterwards governed by his descendants. Time, the destroyer of all things, had, about the 50th Olympiad, reduced this people to about 500 in number, when a colony of the Gnidii came hither, and took up their abode. The kingdom again flourished; and in these times, the Etruscan rovers, who ranged the Tyrrhenean sea, infested these waters. The Liparoti equipped a fleet, with a part of which they communicated with the neighbouring islands, and with the other part they met their enemies, over whom they obtained such signal victories, that frequently they sent a tenth of the spoil to Delphos. The ports of Lipari, and the celebrity of its baths, contributed to the renown and to the great prosperity to which the Liparoti subsequently attained. They derived likewise great benefit from their commerce in the alum of their islands, upon which Rome levied a heavy duty. They traded also in sulphur, which they got from Stromboli; their lands abounded with fruits, and

their sea with fish. The vicissitudes of human nature destroyed all this prosperity. In the two last centuries the ancient manufacture of alum was renewed, and had already begun to reproduce the ancient gains and prosperity; but the necessity or obligation of promoting the prosperity of the analogous fabrics of the pontifical states, caused them, under various pretexts, to be abandoned here, as had been previously done in Sicily and the kingdom of Naples.

The ancients are divided and confused in their accounts of the names and number of these islands. Eustatius, commenting on Homer, and placing Æolia for Evonians, asserts, that the former was the seat of Æolus. The Liparoti entertain the erroneous opinion of Eustatius, that Panaria, Liscabiania, and the neighbouring rocks, were once united and formed a great island, where the throne of Æolus was reared, which was swallowed up by the sea; and the Lipari sailors, when passing over that tract, figure to themselves, that those subaqueous granite rocks are part of the realm of their good old king. The present islands are seven in number, exclusive of many small rocks; namely, Lipari, Vulcano, Saline, Stromboli, Panaria, Alcuri, and Felicuri.

SOMERSET.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. V.

It is not by words and virtuous lessons alone, that parents perform their duty towards their children. They should also illustrate their lessons by their own conduct; for example will, upon the whole, have more force than precept: parental duty to children can be alone fulfilled by the undeviating union of them both.——ADDISON.

THERE is so much good sense and truth in the following letter, that I insert it with no common pleasure. It is professed to be written by a young lady not out of her teens, but it discovers such a knowledge of the world, that I am induced to suspect it has been certainly corrected, if not altogether written, by some one who has seen more of the follies, and heard more of the nonsense, of what is called the fashionable world, than any young person can have experienced by the exercise of her own attention or observation. Novels may have furnished in a great degree what she appears to know; but then I apprehend, that those instructors would at the same time have checked, if not rooted up, the good sense which she appears so evidently to possess. The numerous volumes which load the shelves of circulating libraries, profess to enforce some moral whose practice may be useful in life; and many of them, I am ready to acknowledge, are successful in fulfilling their object: but I must be permitted to ask, at the same time, what is the proportion of readers who analyze the story with that attention, as to bear away the genuine moral effects along with them, and feel a practical improvement from the study of it? Too generally, I fear, the circumstances of the narrative are remembered, and often in all their glow and interest, when the

useful lesson it was intended by the writer to promulgate, is altogether forgotten, if it were ever discovered. But I am straying from my subject, and shall now proceed to introduce my readers to an acquaintance with it.

TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

Madam,

My situation is very peculiar, and consequently attended with all those delicate difficulties which never fail to await upon peculiar situations, especially when it is a young woman, not yet out of her teens, who finds herself involved in them. To begin then with this important history of mine. I am the daughter of a gentleman of good family and considerable estate; but Nature in her caprice having made a girl of me, instead of a boy, that self-same estate being settled in the male line, passed, on my father's death, to a distant relation. I, however, had no reason to be discontented: a considerable personal property devolved to me, which, as I was only fourteen years of age when my surviving parent died, will, by its accumulation, be very much augmented when I attain the age of twenty-five; as, if I do not marry with the consent of my aunt, I am not to enter into the possession of it till I attain that period.

Having thus introduced myself to you, I shall now take the liberty of presenting my aunt to your attention. She is a personage possessed of many excellent qualities, and is considered by all who know her, as worthy of the respect which she very generally receives from them. She, however, has her weak side, and though the good dinners she gives, and the pleasant parties she contrives, may soften the rigour of observation on her failings, I, who am involved in daily dilemmas in consequence of them, feel myself justified in making my complaints, in the hope of obtaining such good counsel as your large experience and superior understanding can afford me.

My education has been a great object with this good lady, and as far as masters and instructors and governesses of any description can forward it, I have wanted nothing that could make me a most accomplished miss. Indeed, I have not passed my time idly, nor neglected the means of improvement which have been afforded me. As I am considered by others as possessing rather a rare portion of attainments, I shall not, I trust, be blamed by your candid and considerate mind, if I myself venture to say, that I do actually possess them. So far so good. But the plague of my life arises from this aunt of mine, who keeps me in a continual state of perplexity, from the contradictory nature of her conduct. Her affection for me is equal to maternal tenderness. Her anxiety to see me well married, in the strict sense of the word, is, I believe, the master care of her mind; and every ray of her understanding is brought into one focus, and directed to form a system of conduct, by the practice of which I am to be shaped into a character of almost supernatural perfection. Nor have I any reason to complain, that it is improper or altogether impracticable; on the contrary, it is generally right in principle, applicable in every respect to my situation, and in itself forms an

admirable manual for the proper conduct of a young woman who is born to figure in the upper classes, and whose consequent duty it is to protect, encourage, and relieve those of the lower. But where, you will say, is the difficulty of conforming oneself to wise regulations, when there is no disposition to counteract them? But it is of this that I complain. There is not, it is true, any intentional design to perplex me in the rules assigned for my conduct; but an unreflecting habit, or temper, or call it what you please, is continually controuling me to act in opposition to them. Nothing can be better than the general insulated precept repeated more or less some part of every day of my life; and, in some hour or other of that very day, is controverted by a different application of the doctrine to some transient circumstance, or a various reading of the expression, or a contradictory example in her own conduct to the previous precept. In short, the general rules are good, but, as it appears in some grammars which I have seen, they are outnumbered by the exceptions. Thus when I am prepared under the sanction of her wisdom, and am proceeding in what is right according to her general principle, I find myself altogether in the wrong from the incidental exercise of what I must call her particular folly. I will explain myself by an occurrence of so late a date as yesterday.

The hour of breakfast is with the good lady the season of consideration,

When she wise counsel gives, and takes her tea:

you shall have it verbatim.

The newspaper happened to inform her, that a marriage had taken place in a family with which she was acquainted. "Aye," said she, "this is the point where the life of a woman settles for happiness or misery; and there it is, my dear Augusta, that all my solicitude for you is concentrated. When I shall see you married well, that is, to a man of worth and honour, and in a situation correspondent to your own, then the grand object of my declining years will be attained. But you must not think of marriage yourself, but leave me to think of it for you. Never indulge a thought about it; no, let not for a moment the altar of Hymen present itself to your fancy, till it is settled that you are to be conducted thither. Till that moment, consider Hymen as a perfect Gorgon, as an image that will distract your mind with its various delusions, and violate the early simplicity of your character. It is a state of which man forms a part, and in making it a subject of contemplation, you habituate yourself to think of the other sex. Social intercourse and the habits of life require occasional communication with them, when urbanity, ease, and good-humour are associate qualities; but it betrays a want of that refinement which is a first-rate quality in the female mind, to let the ideas of men with whom you accidentally converse abroad attend you home. No, you must not suffer a man to dwell upon your mind, or hover about your recollection, till the time arrives when you may be allowed to give your affections to one; and when that gift is sanctioned by the rites of religion, then

you may indulge your benevolence and kindness to the rest of the sex; but not till then. And as for love, bar up every avenue of your heart against that dangerous, delusive, empoisoning sympathy, till it is asked in return for a heart that shall be considered as worthy of you by those who are to judge, and will judge wisely, for you. Think not of love, let not the word pass your lips, till you are permitted to express it to him, whom it will be your duty to honour and your happiness to love to the last hour of your existence. No," she repeated, as she locked the tea-caddy, "no, my dear Augusta, utter not the name of love."

Here ended the lecture, and is it to be believed, that this amiable, inconsistent woman, at a party in the evening, brought to me, as I sat upon a sofa chatting with a female friend, one of the most agreeable and amiable young men I have ever known, and told me to do what I could to entertain him in my best manner: but this is not all. Soon after, one of the young ladies of the house was placed at the piano, and sung two songs, one of which had the following lines at the end of each couplet:—

Hymen, the best of gods above,
O Hymen, cure the wounds of love!

The burden of the other was,

Love alone to man is given,
To make of earth a blissful heaven.

These fine sentiments, which were very well sung, were very much admired, and by no one so much as my poor dear aunt, who immediately exclaimed, in all the oblivion of her morning lecture, "I shall not be happy, my dear Augusta, till you have learned those charming songs."

The next day I sent for them, and my aunt happening to come into my room as I was playing and singing them, she, without saying a word, took them quietly from the music-desk, rolled them up with great gravity, and put them into the fire. She then quickened their destruction with a stroke of the poker, and, with solemn silence, left the chamber. It would not have become me to retort upon her; besides, I must not offend her, for she has upwards of forty thousand pounds in her own power. At the same time, with every disposition to be reasonable, and with a temper framed to be comfortable, I am neither suffered to be one nor the other. I have sometimes entertained a suspicion, that the difference which there apparently is in my aunt's morning and evening morality, arises from the *cordial* assistance of her private closet. A few glasses of Madeira, perhaps, make all the difference. But, from whatever cause this contradictory conduct proceeds, it renders me very uncomfortable. My wish is to do right, and to be an obedient niece; but at the same time, as I possess all the means of being happy, it is not unreasonable to feel the desire to be so. Do tell me, madam, what course I am to pursue, and what means I can employ, to manage this strange temper of my aunt to my own ease and advantage. But remember, she can prevent me from being married, as well as possessing my fortune, till I have attained twenty-five years of age; and that she can alter her will, in which I have every

reason to believe that I am residuary legatee. Your attention to my situation, and a considerate compliance with my request, will confer a lasting obligation on, madam, your most obedient, humble servant, AUGUSTA.

I can answer this young lady's question at once, as she seems to possess that understanding and those dispositions which will justify the confidence I am about to place in her. As the old lady appears to have two different characters, which from certain causes predominate in different parts of the day, I think Miss Augusta, if attentive to the humours of her whimsical aunt during the morning, may, without fear of giving offence, contrive to indulge her own little pleasant fancies during the rest of the day.

S. F.

THE MISTAKEN FAIR.

(Concluded from p. 212.)

"YOU see before you," said Don Cæsar de Mora, as soon as he had alighted from his mule, "one of the most miserable cavaliers in all Spain; for I have this morning received a letter which has plunged me in the deepest despair."—"Signor Don Cæsar," said the father of Inez, approaching from his garden, "accept my most profound gratitude for the honour you have done my humble roof, and I sincerely thank Heaven and St. Dominic that I have had the happiness to entertain the friend of my Lord Vicenzo Gomez: he is my landlord. Inez, my lord, knows how to do the honours of my house, for I was ever a tolerable judge of these things; and poor Beatrice, who has been dead many a long day, did not bring up our daughter idly." Thus saying, the obsequious Nunez bowed and retired. Nunez will probably be thought an imprudent father, to leave a handsome young knight alone with a girl possessing such a flow of spirits as Inez; but every body knows that imprudent acts are performed every day: were it not so, the pen of Cervantes might have lain idle. To do Nunez justice, however, he was a very good Catholic, although he never went out of the way to calculate mischief that might never happen; and was content, when misfortune really came, to find a remedy. How could he imagine, that an awful hidalgo would even take the trouble to make his slave unhappy? Had he done this, the power of eloquence with which Inez was endued, would have silenced every scruple. "Yes, my little Inez," said Don Cæsar, after this interruption, "I must be miserable for ever: but I am like Don Sancho de Lerma, I begin at the end of my story; let us sit." They threw themselves on a couch—Inez, dying with something more than curiosity to hear the amour of a cavalier; and Don Cæsar, impatient to rid himself of the burden which swelled his heart, recited the narrative that we have already laid before our readers. Yet there is something it may still be necessary to inform them of; it is this:—The

obstacles to Don Cæsar's union with Camilla Fernandez were multiplied, for he had received a billet from her, which had indeed much shaken his hopes, and made him fear that she could never become his. Had Camilla's strength of mind been equal to her want of filial duty, things might easily have been reconciled, and Don Cæsar, as her lover, been forgotten altogether in the most romantic way possible; but her ingenuity had suggested to her, that although she ought to give up much to parental solicitude, yet could she not see the absolute necessity of losing her lover to please her superiors, and that she might very innocently try the passion of her adorer to the uttermost. Unfortunately she never considered, that we may sometimes pull the cord of affection so tight as to snap it asunder. She had therefore informed Don Cæsar, that she was removed from the convent of St. Jago de Compostella, and that she had sworn by the Virgin to her confessor, never, at least not yet, to discover the place of her seclusion; hinting, at the same time, that she had heard of certain dissipations of his, which it would be highly proper he should reform before he saw her again. What a field was here opened to the cavalier for regrets, for deprecations, and indignation! He did, however, at length, much the same that every other man would have done in the like situation: he cursed the whole sex for the errors of one: he formed the most sapient plans; but as none of these could be acted upon immediately, he told and retold his sorrows and ideas to Inez Nunez, until he found in her the most agreeable confidante he had ever trusted.

Day after day thus passed; and most of our readers will begin to imagine, that persons thus situated would make no violent resistance to whatever might be attempted by the god of love, or the god of mischief, who saw two subjects, particularly one of them, so convenient for experiment. In this, however, they are somewhat mistaken. Don Cæsar was occupied with one idea alone, of possessing Camilla, which Inez declared *must* be; and she affected to perceive many hints in this frightful letter, which, as she knew her sex, she was clearly of opinion were not meant to produce that terrible conviction which Don Cæsar imagined. After such assurances, many a man would have imagined himself perfectly authorized to keep up such an intercourse, or rather shift from himself the reproach of what might occur to another: he only indulged the selfish gratification of losing some part of his *ennui*, without perhaps caring what became of the person who contributed to remove it at the expense of her own quiet. Months glided away in this manner, and this time insensibly opened a door to many exchanges of kindness; for while he conferred many a present on his *little* Inez, he believed he was only gaining a firmer friend, in whose bosom he could deposit the hopes and fears which were raised by a more violent sensation. At length one day, this *little* Inez, encouraged by what she conceived some determination of his to return the caprices of Camilla, and never to see her more, suffered the big secret to burst

from her heart—it flew to her lips; and Inez, returning the pressure of friendship by that of a warmer affection, stammered out enough to convince a man of less vanity than Don Cæsar, that she loved him.

* * * * * * * * * *

What whirls of passion, what gusts of enthusiasm, we suffer to blow us from the point of common sense, because we do not endeavour to keep reason at our elbow!

Perhaps we never feel more truly awkward, than when we are doomed to hear the avowal of an attachment from lips from which we never expect to hear a warmer sentiment than friendship; and it is perhaps our own fault when such an avowal does offend us. In making this announcement, Inez manifested all the imprudence, inexperience, and *naïveté* of a child. She blushed, looked silly, hung her head, and fainted. Don Cæsar had no theatrical air ready for his purpose: he, however, resumed all the pride of a hidalgo on hearing this disclosure from the daughter of a peasant; and cheering her, or rather attempting to cheer her, in the most courtier-like manner imaginable, he endeavoured to console her with the most commonplace comfort, and left her in the middle of a gushing grief, with a promise of burying the secret in his bosom for ever. Next day he received the following billet:—

"Forget, for ever forget, I conjure you, Signor Don Cæsar de Mora, the silly confession of one who is indeed properly recompensed for her temerity; who dared to look up to the powerful oak, which had too unconsciously suffered the humble ivy to be supported by its presence. Adieu, Don Cæsar, adieu for ever! and forget altogether the folly and the punishment of the unhappy and mistaken

"INEZ."

While it is the duty of the moralist to endeavour, by every argument, to prevent by caution the adoption of error, be it also his task to prevent undue punishment visiting the afflicted by his malediction. Don Cæsar returned indeed to *ennui*, and lost with the company of his little confidante many a flattering idea, which she, in the innocence of her heart, lavished upon him. And what had he gained by all this? Not even a sacrifice to his vanity; for what was the heart of the young and obscure novice in his cap of conquest? It was the lion trampling on the kitten that gambolled before him.

Don Cæsar de Mora married Camilla Fernandez; but the silly fly, who had dared to venture from the chrysalis of obscurity in which it was enveloped, was killed by the chill blasts of neglect: it perished in the cutting air of an unfavourable region; and as the vintagers pass the whitened cassino of old Nunez, they exclaim,

"Love lies concealed in the blossoms of friendship; and, in the intercourse of persons of different sexes, there is no medium between love and hate."

AN EMIGRANT'S VISIT TO FRANCE IN 1815 AND 1816.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

LETTER V.

PARIS, April 15.

Dear HOWARD,

I HAD the pleasure of receiving your letter yesterday: our friend Dormer was not able to proceed himself to Paris, but he forwarded it to me by Mr. Elmer, who came here, I believe, expressly for the purpose of finding fault with the present order of things. Elmer is, in fact, by profession a *damper*. I have known him now for more than twenty years, and I do not recollect that I have ever once seen him during that time with a happy face. Speak to him of public affairs, and he immediately exerts all his ingenuity, of which, by the bye, he possesses a considerable share, to place them in such a point of view that you conceive the nation is on the verge of bankruptcy. If you talk to him of private concerns, it is still worse: tell him of any trifling incident which has vexed or discomposed you, and he will soon convince you it is a serious misfortune; if, on the contrary, you relate any thing with which you have reason to be pleased, it is a hundred to one that he proves to demonstration your satisfaction is ill founded. "Well," cried he, as soon as the first compliment was over, "what success has your application met with?" —"I do not understand you," replied I; "what application do you mean?"—"Why, your petition for the restitution of some part at least of your property."—"I never presented any such petition."—"Indeed! and, for Heaven's sake, why not?"—"Because I am convinced, that as matters are at present it would have been useless."—"That is more than you can possibly answer for: I have been speaking on the subject to Monsieur D—, who, you know, is high in the confidence of a certain great personage, and he has assured me, that petitions presented in proper time would have stood considerable chance of being attended to: now indeed it would answer no purpose, but you ought to blame yourself severely for your negligence."—"I am of a contrary opinion," replied I: "I think I might have presented memorial after memorial to no purpose; it is as well therefore to have saved myself the trouble." Vexed to find me invulnerable, he turned abruptly to Sandford. "Pray, how do you find yourself?" cried he; "not so ill as you look, I hope; for I am sorry to say, you are much altered for the worse since you left England." Poor Sandford, whose hobby-horse is his health, turned pale. "Do you think so?" cried he: "the air of this confounded place does not agree with me; I'll hurry back to England immediately."—"If you had been wise, you would not have left it," said his tormentor; "you might have known that travelling would hurt you; but I doubt whether you will derive the benefit you expect from returning. Don't you remember your father being affected in a similar manner before he

died?"—"Pray, Mr. Elmer," cried I, provoked to see that Sandford's countenance lengthened with every syllable he uttered, "can you inform me how the old gentleman was affected?" This question rather disconcerted him. "If I recollect right," said he, at length, "he became rather lethargic, and had very little appetite."—"Then you may set your heart at rest respecting his son," answered I, laughing, "for I never saw Sandford more active in my life; and as for appetite, I'll answer for it few farmers can surpass him. But let us have done with private grievances, and tell us what you think of public affairs." This answered my purpose, for it set him on to talk politics till he took his leave.

A-propos of public affairs; I am happy to tell you, that they wear every day a better aspect: it is true, that party spirit is by no means extinguished, but it is so much repressed, that I hope and believe all fears of civil convulsions are over.

I am going to a *fête* given by Albert S—, the son of my old friend, Baron ——, upon his marriage with Mademoiselle A—; and as the history of these lovers may be termed a little romance, it will serve to amuse some of your fair friends. At the time of the Corsican's invasion, Albert was on the eve of marriage with Louise A—, whose father was wholly in the interest of Bonaparte; but too cold-hearted and selfish to risk any thing, he determined to remain neuter, and be guided by circumstances. Finding that Albert, who was in the army, was about to join the Duke d'Angouleme, he commanded him, if he valued his alliance, to remain in Paris—an injunction which Albert, who is a perfect Hotspur, indignantly refused to comply with. "You resolve then to renounce my daughter?"—"Renounce my Louise? Never!"—"And do you then know so little of Napoleon as to think, that, if he succeeds, you could ever return to France? or of me, as to imagine I would bestow my daughter on a proscribed man?"—"Why," cried Albert, "will you thus place things in a point of view which reduces me to despair?"—"It is your own fault: by remaining neuter, you will avoid displeasing either party, and let things take what turn they may, Louise shall be yours; if, on the contrary, you persist, I declare to you, that, if even the king's party succeeds, I will not give you my daughter."—"I would sacrifice to Louise every thing except my honour," exclaimed Albert; "but she would herself despise me, if deprived of that. Farewell, sir; you may one day repent of this injustice." He hastened to join the duke's forces, and had the honour at the battle of Paleu to fight by his highness's side. The bravery of Albert gained him the personal notice of the duke, who himself, with more perhaps of valour than of prudence, rushed into the thickest of the combat. "Pardon me, monseigneur," cried Albert to his highness, at the moment that a ball passed close to them, "but this is not your place."—"Is it not yours, my friend?" answered the duke.—"Yes, monseigneur; but my life is of little value, and yours is precious to your country."—"My poor country!" cried the duke,

with emotion, "I should be unworthy to call it mine, did I shrink from danger at such a moment as this." Albert made afterwards two or three unsuccessful attempts to prevail on the duke to place himself in a less exposed situation, and continued to remain near his highness till the battle was over. The duke, who conceals much sensibility under a grave and cold exterior, was deeply touched with Albert's anxiety for his safety, and immediately after the battle made him a lieutenant-colonel. He returned of course with the royal party to Paris, but though his promotion was generally known, he did not receive his commission till lately. Some time ago the duke called him aside at his levee, and presented it to him. "I would wish you," said he, "to join your regiment as speedily as possible: but soldiers are seldom encumbered with money; take this," presenting him with a well-filled purse, "and set off as soon as you can. Madame intends to introduce you herself to your colonel to-morrow." The duke hastened from the young soldier, whose heart was too full to express his thanks; and the next day the duchess presented him, in a most distinguished manner, to his colonel. These honours were not unnoticed by Monsieur A—; and as he is a true man of the world, he probably repented of his conduct to Albert, whose fortune was universally looked on as made. He had, however, interdicted Louise's corresponding with her lover; and Albert, after several vain attempts to see his mistress, gave up the point in despair, when accident befriended him in a manner he had not dared to hope for.

The apartment immediately under Louise's bedchamber caught fire by some accident, and the flames soon spread to an alarming height. Monsieur A— was unfortunately absent, and the servants, who had rushed out on the first alarm, were some time before they recollected the situation of Louise; and when they did, the flame had risen to such a height, that none of them had courage to try to save her. At this moment a man rushed through the crowd. "Mademoiselle A—!" exclaimed he, "where is she? is she safe?"—"Alas! no!" cried one of the bystanders, "she has not been seen." He waited for no more, but rushed through the flames. By that time ladders had been procured, and they were now reared against Louise's window, fortunately for her and her deliverer, whose return by the way he came would have been impracticable. He gained the apartment of Louise, though dreadfully burnt in the attempt, and found her in a fainting fit on the floor. Taking her in his arms, he descended the ladder at the moment that A—, who was just returned, was endeavouring to break from the grasp of his servants, who forcibly withheld him from rushing through the flames to his daughter's apartment. With what rapture did he clasp to his bosom his recovered treasure and her deliverer, who, as you guess I suppose by this time, was Albert. He was to leave Paris the next day, and, lover-like, he resolved, on returning from spending the evening with a party of friends, to take a view of the habitation of his mistress; providentially he reached it in time to preserve her.

I need not paint to you the

transports of the lovers, when A—, joining their hands, desired the forgivêness of Albert, who, half wild with rapture, embraced him and Louise alternately, and could scarcely be prevailed on to retire and have his burns dressed. In a few days they were united, and Albert will speedily quit Paris with his lovely bride to join his regiment.

Clairon presses so earnestly for my visit, that I shall set out for his house in a few days; Sandford accompanies me, and will, after a a short stay with the abbé, return to England. As soon as I arrive at Clairon's, I will write to you.—Adieu! and believe me yours,

DE GRAMMONT.

PLATE 27.—REMARKS ON M. LE THIERE'S PICTURE OF THE JUDGMENT OF BRUTUS ON HIS SONS,

Exhibiting at BULLOCK'S MUSEUM, PICCADILLY.

MR. BULLOCK, of the Museum in Piccadilly, has contributed largely to the promotion of the fine arts in this country by the exhibition of an historical picture (in dimensions 26 feet by 16), representing the *Judgment of Brutus on his Sons*, the work of a modern French artist, Monsieur Le Thiere, who has been invested with the dignity of President of the Academy at Rome.

The exhibition of this work, from a variety of considerations, becomes of no small consequence to the general character of modern art in Europe. Notwithstanding the advantages diffused by the peace, and the consequent renewal of our ancient relations with the Continent, the state of the fine arts among our continental neighbours does not seem to have received that cool and impartial consideration and judgment which belong to so grave and serious an investigation. French artists who have visited this country, and taken a sort of bird's-eye view of our productions, have in most cases pronounced a hasty and irrational conclusion upon their character. British artists and critics who have inspected those of France, have, with few exceptions, formed a sweeping and undistinguishing opinion, not very flattering to the station of that country in modern art. The retouchings of the ancient pictures in the Louvre, the Vandalism with which some of the Italian and Venetian works were treated by the picture-cleaners and miscalled restorers of Monsieur Denon, together with the meretricious style of by far the greater number of the modern French school, doubtless led to the adoption and diffusion of that unfavourable opinion relative to their station in art, which, in pronouncing a general condemnation of its character, did not stop to appreciate the works of men like Monsieur Le Thiere, whose talents entitled them to something more than a reservation from the indiscriminate censure which we were too prone to pronounce on the labours of their fellow-countrymen.

That we are superior to our cotemporary artists on the Continent in the great essentials of

le Thiere
20.

J. Brutus.

Pinell

pictorial excellence, will be readily admitted by a calm and disinterested observer. A greater portion of mind, if we may use the expression, has been brought into the study of art in England, than in any other country in Europe in modern times. Other nations have as earnestly, perhaps, devoted their time to the same pursuit, but certainly not with the same success. Without entering into the discussion of the abstract quality of genius, as distinguished from mere acquirement, however great the extent to which the latter might be carried, we may, in here viewing this subject, state, that there are two species of talent, or rather merit. One is the gift of nature, the other the result of practice and study. The union of both would constitute that perfect character which, according to Mr. Fuseli, is beyond the sphere of the human mind in the range of its capabilities. Perhaps the difference between the English and French schools may be resolved under this classification :—the former possesses a natural vigour, the latter a studied correctness ; and thus, while it is the care of the French to please by purity and strict propriety, that of the English is to captivate by the presentation of some striking novelty, some flight not always restrained by the rigid rules of art. That the latter feeling is more calculated to develope human power and establish the legitimate end of art, must readily be admitted. Thus, in contemplating the works of Titian, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Rubens, and those distinguished artists whose genius revived the long-drooping faculties of Europe, we overlook the violations of order and rule in the greater part of their productions, in the admiration of the higher and more majestic excellencies which characterise their powerful and commanding pencil.

In this view it cannot be denied, that the end at which the French aim, falls far short of the power and intention of art. A perfectly correct picture, by a pupil of this school, may be much inferior to one possessing many faults, but containing that fire of composition and colour, and that general feeling, which genius alone can impart.

In the catalogue containing the description of M. Le Thiere's picture in the present exhibition, the introduction of an awkward and unnecessary observation has led to a most ill-timed comparison. In page 8 it is stated, " that few men could have been invested with the dignity of President of the Academy of Rome, without emulating the fame of the *President of the Academy of England*." The evident tendency of this observation was to induce a comparison between the present picture and those of Mr. President West ; and it has produced the anticipated effect. The public have manifested a strong disposition to enter into a comparative estimate of the talent of the two presidents ; and we are under no apprehension for the decision which they may ultimately attain. Comparisons of this kind are neither easy, nor sometimes fair ; let it, however, on the present occasion be recollected, that the merit of the British school does not rest on the single repu-

tation of Mr. West, deservedly high as that reputation is entitled to hold it. We shall not ourselves enter into a comparison which we think has been most injudiciously called for on the part of the foreign artist, because it might dispose us to a more severe examination of his work than we are at present inclined to make, from a conviction, that his picture will not be without its use in drawing the attention of some of our artists to the care and study which it eminently possesses. We shall therefore dismiss this question of comparison between M. Le Thiere and Mr. West, by referring those who are inclined to admit the test, as involving the merits of our own school, to Mr. West's picture of *The Departure of Regulus from Rome on his return to Carthage*, painted fifty years ago, the prints of which are in every body's hands, and the pathos and variety of which will easily decide the pretensions thus pressed into collision. In the *Christ Rejected* there is, perhaps, less of finish than in the *Judgment of Brutus*, but there is decidedly more of that superior effect which rivets the attention of the mind, and commands its admiration.

The composition of the picture before us is certainly judicious; if it has any fault in this respect, it is, perhaps, a want of that sort of variety in the position of the figures, by which the spectator could as it were mingle in the crowd. The dreadful and imposing performance of Roman inflexibility is acting before you; but the countenances of the extensive group meet you nearly in the same line in front, and the executioner alone has the rudeness to turn his back. Were the attitudes in this respect more varied, the artist might have still preserved all he wanted of character with decidedly more of effect. In drawing, the picture is complete and admirable: the Antinous form and the taste in the outline of the younger Brutus, the inimitable Roman figure who pleads in his behalf, the execution and finish of, in fact, the extremities of all the figures, display the artist's proficiency in this branch of his difficult art. The silent expression in the countenance of the elder Brutus, subduing the struggling feelings of nature under the inexorable austerity of his judicial station, is managed with the finest effect. The idea of his colleague, Collatinus, concealing his face under his robe, gives additional strength to the expression of the principal figure, and enforces its claim to superior and deserved attention. The group of the conscript fathers, who are ranged behind the consular seat, please much from the Raphaelesque feeling they seem to possess. The principal one is particularly fine. The colouring and effect of the whole picture are at once simple and chaste. The shadowed limbs of the centre group are executed with a truth and power that has seldom been surpassed. The perspective of the buildings and opening landscape is in every respect correct, and the illusion well preserved throughout.

A picture containing so many perfections as this undoubtedly possesses, required no aid from verbal description; the mere statement of its story would have been quite sufficient for its purpose; but

the catalogue-maker, to whose awkward agency we have already adverted, was of a different opinion. He must (see page 11) bear testimony "to *the highest state of accuracy and taste which mark the* KEEPING" of this picture. Now we do not see the superlative value of this *keeping*. We see, indeed, a natural and simple day-light effect, but there is nothing striking in its character in this respect. The artist has kept the tone of his white draperies lower than the flesh colour, in order to improve it; but there is no particular point of light preserved from which the tints might seem to emanate, and produce that brilliancy and splendour of effect which we observe in Corregio and Titian.

The catalogue-writer, in page 12, again says, "the colouring of the picture is entirely destitute of that glare which is so unlike the unobtrusive tone of nature." This is perfectly true: he is equally correct when he describes it free from "gaudy spots." But what does he mean when he says, in the same breath, "The warm tints of Titian, the colder chastity of Guido, the mild radiance of Corregio, and the harmonious combinations of Rubens, may all be found in this magnificent production?" This last sentence forms a precious rhapsody, a happy union of hot and cold, a chaste attempt at an admixture of ingredients so opposite in their several qualities, that the attempt to force their union would create the same explosion to which chemists are sometimes exposed in the association of contending and counteracting materials. Pliny has said, that, in a statue of Paris by Euphranor, you might discover, at the same time, three different characters—the dignity of a judge of the goddesses, the lover of Helen, and the conqueror of Achilles. On this passage, Sir Joshua Reynolds has well observed, that a statue in which you unite stately dignity, youthful elegance, and stern valour, must surely possess none of these in any eminent degree. The same judicious observation applies to painting as well as sculpture, and refutes the useless claim which the catalogue-writer makes to unattainable combinations of distinct and diametrically opposite excellencies.

M. Le Thiere's picture does not require this hyperbolical admiration. It is a great improvement on the severe style introduced into the French school by Le Sueur, and followed up, though not with so many defects, by David and his contemporaries. This work does much credit to the artist, and will, we repeat, be of service to some of our own countrymen, who treat too lightly the style of finish which is its characteristic.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN OIL AND WATER-COLOURS.

THE annual Exhibition of this Institution was opened in the latter end of April, in the Society's Room, Spring-Gardens.

This Exhibition consists of one hundred and twenty-three pictures, chiefly landscapes, with some few portraits by the respectable artists

who usually contribute to this collection. The specimens are in general flattering to the progress made by our artists in the different branches of art to which they have dedicated their talents, and give fair promise of increasing and more matured excellence.

Of the fair votaries of art who have exhibited this season, all of them indeed with a due proportion of success, our limits necessarily compel us to a selection. We shall therefore commence by noticing

A Sketch from Nature, with Travellers, by Miss Harriet Gouldsmith.

This picture is finished with much taste. The trees and foliage in the fore-ground are coloured with extreme accuracy. There is a delicacy of penciling throughout the composition, that does infinite credit to this lady's taste, and bids fair to establish her reputation in landscape subjects.

Mr. C. V. Fielding's contributions to this Exhibition are numerous. His principal work, not in size, nor perhaps in his own conception of interest, appears to us the picture of *Schaw Fell, at the Head of Esdaile, Cumberland.* The wildness of the scenery, and the bold and forcible touches of colouring, are truly picturesque and striking. There is a bravura effect in this work which renders it highly interesting, and gives it perhaps more attraction than any of his other pictures in the Exhibition, though they all partake more or less of this strong and original character.

Mr. Glover's works are also numerous. The *Bala Lake* is certainly the best of his productions. The serenity and clearness of the atmosphere, the mass of the lower clouds, the fine and picturesque appearance of the back-ground, and the happily arranged sunny tints which are shed over the picture, produce the highest effect. His *Landscape, with Cattle* (No. 116.) has some beautiful penciling in the leafy surface of the fore-ground; but this beauty and correctness is not carried through the picture. The limbs of his cattle are by no means correct, nor is the back-ground finished as carefully as that of the former picture. His *Cattle Piece, passing Shower*, is a much happier effort of his pencil.

Mr. Cristall has been very successful in some of his pictures. The *Portrait of a Lady* (No. 304.) is executed with great taste. The playful and easy attitude of the lady, the interesting and artless display of her simple but attractive graces, are highly fascinating. His poetical pictures in this Exhibition possess equal beauty. The only fault we have to find with this artist is, that he seems to devote himself more to the production of a light and brilliant variety in his colours, than to the arrangement of that depth and tone of shading which would give his figures roundness and prominence.

A Study for a Head, by B. R. Haydon, is a fine work, full of expression and sentiment.

Christ giving Sight to the Blind: an Attempt to improve upon a former Picture on the same Subject, exhibited in 1812 *at the*

Rooms of the Associated Painters in Old Bond-street, and purchased by the Directors of the British Institution. By H. Richter.

This picture is not without its defects, but they are those into which the boldness of genius often deviates. We have not a perfect recollection of Mr. Richter's former work, and cannot, therefore, speak with precision as to the success of the present improvement. We have, however, some imperfect idea, that, even before the purchase of that picture was carried into effect by the directors, an alteration was suggested by the purchasers, and acceded to by the artist. Mr. Richter is one of those who aim at the practice of a particular principle in art out of the common track. He seems to suppose, that the drapery of his figures, no matter of what colour and texture, ought to reflect, in a strong degree, the overhanging blue of the atmosphere: so, in his colours, whether deep red or white, in the vestments of his present picture a bluish reflected hue predominates. There is also an alabaster transparency and copper-coloured surface to his naked limbs, that no reflected light could produce. Notwithstanding these imperfections, which spring from the artist's speculation and experiment in a particular tone of colouring, the picture has considerable merit: the countenance and attitude of the Saviour are full of divine expression; and the earnestness and gratitude, commixed with confidence and piety, which his followers display, give unerring character to the truth and interest of the scene.

Mr. Linnell is another artist who has embarked in a particular style of colouring. His *View from a Hill called Hanson Foot, in Derbyshire, looking into Dovedale,* may be taken as a specimen of his powers. Brown is the predominating colour in his shades, and it meets the eye in almost every part of his pictures. He has great powers of execution, on which he appears to rely mainly for attraction: his water is finely coloured, and is often introduced with a transparent and silvery effect, which affords a happy relief to the deepness of his brown masses. His portraits are expressive and well executed.

View in Monmouthshire, by W. Turner, is an excellent landscape, with a natural disposition of light and shade. It is the best picture by this artist in the collection.

Mr. G. F. Robson's pictures are in his usual taste. *The View on the Tay, near Dunkeld,* is a good picture.

Mr. Atkinson has several pictures in this exhibition, which establish his superior talent for drawing animal life. *The Picquet of Cossacks* is remarkable for the correct drawing of the horses.

Mr. Cooper's sporting subjects are correct specimens of this artist's strong and peculiar talent. The horses and dogs are quite after life.

Mr. Prout's *Coast Views* are natural and interesting, from the clearness of his colouring, and the pleasing variety of grouping with which he covers his scenery.

Fallow Deer, by R. Hills, is a very pleasing landscape. The deer are admirably drawn, and their

colouring possesses all the softness of nature.

The Rescue of the Lady from the Enchantments of Comus, by J. Stephanoff, is an exquisite example of the combination of brilliant colouring which this artist's pencil can embody.

The Astrologer, by J. Cawse, has also some good colouring; but the lines of perspective are not well preserved, nor are some of the subordinate parts well finished.

Of the miniature paintings in this collection, those by Mr. W. H. Watts were particularly attractive, from the correctness of drawing and marked expression which they presented.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

"*O take this Nosegay, gentle Youth,*" *Duetto, sung by Miss Stephens and Mr. Duruset, in the revived Dramatic Romance of Cymon, at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, composed* by H. R. Bishop. Pr. 1s. 6d.

An appropriate and neat symphony serves as introduction to this little duet, which ingratiates itself by the smooth connection and the elegant melodiousness of its successive periods, the two voices generally dwelling upon thirds and sixths. In a composition of longer duration, this would produce an excess of monotonous sweetness; but here we have no reason to find fault with it. A cadenza of some length brings the duet to a shewy termination.

The favourite Air, "*Through the Wood, Laddie,*" *composed by the late Dr. Arne, arranged as a Rondo; and an Introduction for the Piano-Forte, and respectfully inscribed to Miss Anne Tomlinson, of Witham, Essex,* by T. W. Holder, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The adagio, prefixed as an introduction to this rondo, claims, on several accounts, our favourable notice. It is replete with tasteful ideas, delicately expressed; and considerable skill has been exerted in the harmonic construction of some of its parts (*e. g. l.* 4). The rondo appears to us rather long, although the author has done his best to relieve its extent by an entertaining variety of digressive matter. The fourth and fifth pages may be quoted as creditable specimens in this respect. Their general construction is clever and efficient; and the modulations, which ultimately lead to A major (*p.* 5,) deserve unqualified commendation. The theme reappears very appositely *p.* 6; and in the following page a *minore* part is interwoven perfectly in character, and in itself attractive. The conclusion is ably contrived and striking in effect. We ought not to omit adverting to the active part which the left hand takes throughout this composition, especially as this meritorious feature is not coupled with any peculiar difficulties of execution.

"*My Life, my Joy, my Blessing,*" *Duetto, sung with the greatest applause by Miss Stephens and Mr. Sinclair, in the revived Opera of The Maid of the Mill, at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden,*

composed by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 2s.

In the leading subject of this duet we discover a sprightly ingenuousness of expression, which, to our individual taste, appears peculiarly fascinating; indeed the whole of its melody seems to us most successfully devised to correspond with the tender effusions of a happy pair of lovers.

Theme, by Henry R. Bishop, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, composed by Frederick Ries. Op. 65. Pr. 3s.

Our opinion of the preceding duet of Mr. Bishop, is fully justified by the choice which Mr. Ries has made of its melody as a theme for the variations before us; and the variations which the skilful hand of the last-mentioned composer has reared upon that theme, seem equally to vouch the propriety of the selection. The first of these is rendered striking by the fanciful leaps into the upper keys, and the transfer of a portion of the theme to the left hand in the second part has not escaped our attention. In the second var. we have to applaud the mellow and elegant flow of the semiquavers in the first part, and the able bass in the second. The third var. in D minor, is truly original, and no less beautiful. Another variation in the same minor key, *p.* 5, deserves particular mention on account of its scientific cast, and the superior harmonic combinations which it exhibits. It is, by an able transition, made to end in a pause on B b 7, in order to prepare for the ensuing allegro, which sets out with a subject in E b, represents next the same subject in C, and lastly in D; these successive changes being duly, and indeed elegantly, prepared for. This movement is altogether of very superior construction; and the alternate imitations between both hands, in their respective play upon the motivo, are well-worthy of the student's examination.

" *Oh! rest thee, Babe, rest thee, Babe,*" *the celebrated Ballad sung by Miss Stephens at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, in Guy Mannering; to which is added the Stanza sung by Miss Carew, composed, with Accompaniments for the Piano-Forte,* by John Whitaker. Pr. 2s.

Among the numerous compositions of Mr. W. we not unfrequently meet with some, which, from some felicitous cause or other, shine among their kindred *velut luna inter stellas minores.* " Oh! rest thee, Babe," belongs to this favoured class. It possesses, in an eminent degree, that chaste simplicity of style, smoothness of melodious connection, symmetry of parts, and total absence of laboured affectation, which constitute the first and essential requisites of lyric composition. In short, it is a beautiful little song, for the strenuous recommendation of which our readers will be beholden to us. In case of a second edition, we would suggest the expediency of a somewhat more effective accompaniment. Such a one might easily be substituted, without rendering the instrumental support more difficult.

Caledonian Laurels, a favourite Scotch Air, danced by Mr. Oscar Byrne at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, composed and arranged as a Rondo by M. P. Corri. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The Prince of Saxe Cobourg, a fa-

vourite Dance, composed and arranged as a Rondo by M. P. Corri. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Two agreeable bagatelles, of easy texture and execution. From the last-mentioned qualification, however, some students will probably be inclined to except bar 7, page 3; and two or three more of the same kind in the "Prince of Saxe Cobourg," where three quavers, as triplets, are supported by a dotted quaver and a semiquaver.

The Battle of La Belle Alliance, or Bonaparte's ne plus ultra, a comic Song, sung by Mr. Emery at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, composed by W. T. Parke. Pr. 1s.

Although there is a good deal more patriotism and loyalty in this song than musical or poetical merit, we are sensible, that, such as it is, it will find favour with that numerous class of auditors for whom it was written and set.

The Reprieve, or the Maid of Palaiseau, founded on the Prison Scene in the Popular Dramatic Piece, "The Magpie and the Maid," now performing at the Theatres Royal Covent-Garden and Drury-lane, composed by John Purkis. Pr. 1s. 6d.

As in these times of ephemeral impressions, composers seem to take the lead in "shooting folly as it flies," no wonder that maids and magpies should afford a fit subject for musical aim. Mr. Purkis, in levelling his shaft against one and the other, has neither hit the "bull's eye," nor, on the other hand, proved himself a bad shot: his performance may be termed respectable. In the first page, he is rather too fond of going backwards and forwards from minor to major. In the second, we approve the change of movement at "but fancy flies;" indeed those few bars appear to us the happiest in the whole song.

The much-admired Overture for the Piano-Forte in the new Pantomime called "Harlequin and Fortunio," as performed at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, composed by W. H. Ware. Pr. 2s.

A Selection of favourite Airs in ditto for the Piano-Forte, composed by ditto. Pr. 2s.

The Marches in ditto for the Piano-Forte, composed by ditto. Pr. 1s.

Considering the purport and usual requisites of compositions of this description, and the plain manner in which, for the sake of executive facility, the authors find it their account to arrange them for the piano-forte, we are of opinion, that the overture above-mentioned is perfectly satisfactory. There is much variety in its successive movements; and the introductory andante, as well as the striking chromatic modulations at the conclusion of the finale, claim particularly our favourable notice.

Of the eighteen different airs comprised in the publication next named, not a few will be found attractive; and their brevity, ease, and entertaining diversity, qualify them as fit lessons for beginners. The marches, seven in number, fall precisely under the same observations.

Eliza, an Introduction and Air, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment (ad lib.) for the Flute or Patent keyed Harmonica, composed, and dedicated to Thomas Alsager, Esq. by J. Hunter. Pr. 1s.

The slow movement in C minor with which this publication sets out, is tasteful and impressive: we

suppose the D nat. in bar 4 is a typographical error, instead of D flat. A simple, but neat, air in C major forms the theme of the variations, which throughout are very creditable to the author, and fully confirm the good opinion we expressed of his qualifications on a recent occasion. Among them, we notice with satisfaction the andante in the minor key, *p.* 7. We also observe the appropriate manner in which the variations are brought to a conclusion, and more particularly the few fugued bars (*p.* 11, *l.* 2,) the idea of which deserves much commendation.

Sola's Selection of Melodies for the Flute, dedicated, by permission, to E. B. Heath, Esq. Nos. I. II. III. Pr. 3s. 6d. each.

Mr. Sola's selection before us is entitled to the favour of every flute-player that aims at improvement and tasteful execution on that instrument. Many of the airs are of his own composition, and they are far from being the least interesting in the collection: others are taken from foreign operas of acknowledged value, composed by Winter, Mehul, Nicolo, &c. The embellishments and variations which Mr. S. has introduced, are conceived in the best style, and appear, as far as we are acquainted with the instrument, to lie well under the fingers. Some of the melodies are set as duets in proper and effective harmony; and among those we observe with particular approbation, one in the third number, which exhibits a very clever model of responsive imitations between the two parts.

Mozart's celebrated Notturno for Wind Instruments, performed at the Concerts of the Philharmonic Society, arranged as a Duet for two Performers on one Piano-Forte; with an Accompaniment for the Flute (ad lib.) and respectfully dedicated to Sir George Smart, by F. J. Klose. Pr. to subscribers 5s.; non-subscribers 7s.

Without entering into an analysis of this excellent production of the immortal Mozart, we shall confine ourselves to what belongs more particularly to our province, the manner in which Mr. K. has accomplished the arrangement of this notturno as a duet for the piano-forte. On this head we are warranted in giving it as our opinion, that full justice has been done to a score, the nature of which presented no slight difficulties to overcome within the limits to which the extract was subjected. As evidence of our assertion, we need only refer to the minuet, all the characteristics of which, as a movement in canon, have been faithfully and judiciously preserved. What renders Mr. Klose's labour particularly adapted for the desk of the student, independently of the beauty of the notturno itself, is the absence of digital intricacies; although the players certainly must be strict and firm timeists to keep abreast in the performance.

The Sclavonian Pater-noster, as performed in the Service of the Russian Greek Church, adapted to the English Translation, Matt. chap. vi. *and most respectfully dedicated to Major-General N. and Madame de Sabloukoff,* by W. G. Perry. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Mr. Perry deserves our thanks for the communication of this fine

specimen of Russian church music, which is set as a glee for three voices. His share of the labour also is meritorious, although not altogether free from objection. The principal one is, in a manner, inherent in the undertaking itself. As the words of our Lord's Prayer cannot, in number and *quantity*, be supposed to tally with the Russian version, it is not to be wondered that the periods of the text should not correspond in all instances with the musical periods, and thus produce metrical and rhythmical imperfections. In several places, too, the harmonic progress of the three parts is susceptible of improvement; in the 21st and 22d bars, for instance, the first and second voices move in objectionable fifths.

The Opening Glee and Chorus, as sung by Messrs. Smith, Pyne, Clarke, J. Smith, &c. with the greatest applause, in the revived Play of the Merchant of Bruges, now performing at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, composed by W. Linley, Esq. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The signal applause bestowed on this glee at every successive performance, proves that an English audience is not insensible to the charms of good harmony. As we cannot, from want of room, enter into a detail of its numerous and great merits, we shall content ourselves with assuring our readers, that few compositions of this class have made so strong and so favourable an impression upon us. It is a truly original performance, replete with comic musical humour, able in contrivance and science, and most happily suited to the import of the text, stave by stave. The 5th page, from "Drain the can, brother," and, above all, the first line in the next page, are excellent, even without reference to the words which they so admirably depict.

"In every Woodland Dale and Bower," sung by Miss L. Kelly in the Merchant of Bruges, composed by W. Linley, Esq. Pr. 1s. 6d.

If there be an English style in music, this song appertains to it completely; and those ears that are habituated to melodies, which, bunglingly aping the Italian manner, scarcely ever deviate from the sweet simplicity of the common chord, while the insipid sameness of the strains are propped up by gaudy arpeggios, such ears, we suspect, will not find great entertainment in listening to the present composition. Its chromatic introduction, and some of the subsequent periods, are perhaps too studied for the mixed audience of a theatre: but this aside, we are compelled to acknowledge the originality of the author's ideas, and of his harmonic treatment of them; nor can we refrain from giving, as we have done in the preceding instance, our meed of approbation to the judicious attention which he has unceasingly paid to the lines of the poetry.

A second Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss A. Peckwell, by A. A. Klengel. Op. 14. Pr. 3s.

A simple but very interesting pastoral theme in E b forms the subject of this rondo; in the second part of which, however, we do not altogether approve of the accompaniment by successive fifths in the bass of *b.* 20 and 21 (B 5 and

C 5). The accessory matter is remarkable for its variety of deep and studied modulations in almost every page, all which are conducted in a manner to evince Mr. K.'s mastery of composition. Few keys, major and minor, but have their turn in the progress of the performance; and their difficulty, such as E b minor, F sharp minor, &c. is no bar to their introduction. Among these numerous flights into the higher regions of harmony, we meet with many original and select ideas. Of that description are the modulations, *p.* 2 and 3, the enharmonic transition from the part in six flats to three sharps (minor) *p.* 5, the excellent suspension of cadence, *p.* 5, &c. &c.

Notturno, Op. 54, *for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to his friend F. W. Collard, Esq.* by J. B. Cramer. Pr. 3s.

The notturno before us comprises four successive movements: an introductory adagio in B b, an allegro in the same key, a slow movement in E b, and a rondo in B b. To state that all these are worthy of their celebrated author, is probably the most satisfactory, and certainly the most deserved, testimonial with which we can introduce them to our readers, without attempting to detail the numberless beauties which arrested our attention in almost every stave. The second slow movement, above all, will doubtlessly endear itself to every real connoisseur: its pathetic and solemn strains, the originality of its ideas, and of its harmonic treatment, are beyond our praise. Indeed we never take up a composition of Mr. C.'s, but we feel delighted at the consummate aptness, effectiveness, and elegance with which his thoughts are harmonized. In this respect, his works cannot be too strongly recommended to the study of every incipient composer. Let him harmonize a strain of naked melody, and compare his attempt with the score of the original from which he has borrowed: thus he will save many an hour's expensive oral instruction.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

THE SPECTRE.

(From *The Siege of Corinth, by Lord* BYRON.)

'TIS midnight: on the mountain's brown
The cold round moon shines deeply down;
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright;
Whoever gazed upon them shining,
And turned to earth without repining;
Nor wished for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray?
The waves on either shore lay there,
Calm, clear, and azure as the air;
And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
But murmured meekly as the brook.
The winds were pillowed on the waves,
The banners drooped along their staves,

And, as they fell around them furling,
Above them shone the crescent curling;
And that deep silence was unbroke,
Save where the watch his signal spoke,
Save where the steed neighed oft and shrill,
And Echo answered from the hill;
And the wide hum of that wild host,
Rustled like leaves from coast to coast.
As rose the Muezzin's voice in air,
In midnight call to wonted prayer,
It rose, that chaunted mournful strain,
Like some lone spirit's, o'er the plain:
'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
And take a long unmeasured tone,
To mortal minstrelsy unknown.
It seem'd to those within the wall,
A cry prophetic of their fall:
It struck even the besieger's ear
With something ominous and drear;
An undefined and sudden thrill,
Which makes the heart a moment still,
Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed
Of that strange sense its silence framed;
Such as a sudden passing-bell
Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell.

. . . .

He sate him down at a pillar's base,
And passed his hand athwart his face;
Like one in dreary, musing mood,
Declining was his attitude.

. . . .

There he sate all heavily,
As he heard the night-wind sigh.
Was it the wind through some hollow stone,
Sent that soft and tender moan?
He lifted his head, and he looked on the sea,
But it was unrippled as glass may be;
He looked on the long grass—it waved not a blade;
How was that gentle sound convey'd?
He looked to the banners—each flag lay still,
So did the leaves on Cithæron's hill,
And he felt not a breath come over his cheek;—
What did that sudden sound bespeak?
He turned to the left—is he sure of sight?
There sate a lady, youthful and bright!
He started up with more of fear
Than if an armed foe were near.
"God of my fathers! what is here?
"Who art thou, and wherefore sent
"So near a hostile armament?"
His trembling hands refused to sign
The cross he deemed no more divine:
He had resumed it in that hour,
But conscience wrung away the power.
He gazed, he saw: he knew the face
Of beauty, and the form of grace;
It was Francesca by his side,
The maid who might have been his bride!

The rose was yet upon her cheek,
But mellowed with a tenderer streak:
Where was the play of her soft lips fled?
Gone was the smile that enlivened their red.
The ocean's calm within their view,
Beside her eye had less of blue;
But like that cold wave it stood still,
And its glance, though clear, was chill.
Around her form a thin robe twining,
Nought concealed her bosom shining;
Through the parting of her hair,
Floating darkly downward there,
Her rounded arm shewed white and bare;
And ere yet she made reply,
Once she raised her hand on high:
It was so wan, and transparent of hue,
You might have seen the moon shine through.

. . . .

Upon his hand she laid her own—
Light was the touch, but it thrilled to the bone,
And shot a chilness to his heart,
Which fixed him beyond the power to start.
Though slight was that grasp, so mortal cold,
He could not loose him from its hold;
But never did clasp of one so dear
Strike on the pulse with such feeling of fear,
As those thin fingers, long and white,
Froze through his blood by their touch that night.

The fev'rish glow of his brow was gone,
And his heart sank so still, that it felt like stone,
As he looked on the face, and beheld its hue,
So deeply changed from what he knew:
Fair, but faint—without the ray
Of mind, that made each feature play,
Like sparkling waves on a sunny day;
And her motionless lips lay still as death,
And her words came forth without her breath,
And there rose not a heave o'er her bosom's swell,
And there seemed not a pulse in her veins to dwell.
Though her eye shone out, yet the lids were fixed,
And the glance that it gave was mild and unmixed
With aught of change, as the eyes may seem
Of the restless who walk in a troubled dream;
Like the figures on arras, that gloomily glare,
Stirr'd by the breath of the wintry air,
So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light,
Lifeless, but life-like, and awful to sight;
As they seem through the dimness about to come down
From the shadowy wall where their images frown;
Fearfully flitting to and fro,
As the gusts on the tapestry come and go.

" If not for love of me be given,
" Thus much, then, for the love of Heaven:
" Again I say—that turban tear
" From off that faithless brow, and swear
" Thine injur'd country's sons to spare,
" Or thou art lost; and ne'er shalt see,
" Not earth—that's past—but heaven or me.
" If this thou dost accord, albeit
" A heavy doom 'tis thine to meet,
" That doom shall half absolve thy sin,
" And mercy's gate may receive thee within:
" But pause one moment more, and take
" The curse of him thou didst forsake;
" And look once more to heaven, and see
" Its love for ever shut from thee.
" There is a light cloud by the moon—
" 'Tis passing, and will pass full soon—
" If by the time its vapoury sail
" Hath ceased her shaded orb to veil,
" Thy heart within thee is not changed,
" Then God and man are both avenged;
" Dark will thy doom be, darker still
" Thine immortality of ill."

Alp looked to heaven, and saw on high
The sign she spake of in the sky;
But his heart was swollen, and turned aside
By deep interminable pride.
This first false passion of his breast
Rolled like a torrent o'er the rest.
He sue for mercy! *He* dismayed
By wild words of a timid maid!
He, wronged by Venice, vow to save
Her sons, devoted to the grave!
No—though that cloud were thunder's worst,
And charged to crush him—let it burst!

He looked upon it earnestly,
Without an accent of reply;
He watched it passing; it is flown;
Full on his eye the clear moon shone,
And thus he spake:—" Whate'er my fate,
" I am no changeling—'tis too late;
" The reed in storms may bow and quiver,
" Then rise again; the tree must shiver.
" What Venice made me, I must be,
" Her foe in all, save love to thee:
" But thou art safe; oh! fly with me!"
He turn'd, but she is gone!
Nothing is there but the column stone.
Hath she sunk in the earth, or melted in air?
He saw not, he knew not, but nothing is there.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 28.—EVENING DRESS.

A WHITE satin slip, over which is a white lace dress, ornamented with three quillings of white lace on the skirt, intermixed with bows of white satin ribbon. The body and sleeve, both of which are richly ornamented with coloured stones, are formed, as our readers will see by the print, in a very novel style. Head-dress, a cap composed of white satin, finished with a band edged with pearls, and a superb plume of white feathers. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets, coloured stones intermixed with pearls. White satin slippers, and white kid gloves.

PLATE 29.—CARRIAGE DRESS.

A cambric slip, tucked very high, and finished at the bottom with a deep flounce of worked muslin. Over the slip is a robe of the same material, open in front, and trimmed all round with very rich work. The body of the robe is made in the chemiset style, and displays a lace *fichu* worn underneath. The long sleeve is ornamented with a bow of blue ribbon, and finished at the wrist by a novel and elegant ruffle. Head-dress, a *cornette* composed of plain white lace, profusely trimmed with flounces and blue ribbon. Gloves and slippers of blue kid. This dress is likely to continue a favourite, because, independent of its novelty, it is extremely elegant and striking; and both its form and material are peculiarly appropriate to the present season.

We are again indebted to the elegant invention of Mrs. Gill, of Cork-street, Burlington-Gardens, for both our dresses this month.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

"WILL pelisses ever go out of fashion?" said a young lady of rank to her dress-maker the other day in our presence. Whether they will or not, is a question to be decided by time, but certain it is, that in the promenade costume they still continue more fashionable than any thing else. The highest in estimation, and in our opinion the most elegant now worn, is the Charlotte pelisse. It is composed of rich shot green and white sarsnet, and trimmed with white satin; the skirt is rather fuller than it is made in general, and the fulness is principally thrown behind: the back is plain and of a moderate breadth; the shape of the back is formed by a little fulness of white satin, about an inch in breadth, which goes down on each side, and terminates in a small rosette of white satin, placed upon each hip: in the middle of the rosette is a small green silk tuft. The half-sleeve is composed of white satin; its shape is that of a shell, of which two form the half-sleeve, in a very novel and tasteful style. The under sleeve, which is less loose than they have been worn, is finished at the bottom by a piece of white satin, so disposed as to form a double row of shells to correspond, but not more than two inches broad. We should have ob-

served, that these shells were edged with green, as is also the entire trimming, which corresponds. There is no collar, but a very small pelerine cape, which only comes to the shoulder on each side. The fronts fall back in the habit style, so as to display the under dress; and, as the pelisse is open in front, it also flies back: it is worn always over a white dress.

The bonnet worn with this pelisse, appears to us a compound of the French and English style: the high crown belongs certainly to the former; and the plain, small, and becoming front, which partially shades the face, is something similar to the Mary Queen of Scots' bonnet. It is composed of white satin; the crown is ornamented with a puffing of blond, fancifully interspersed with white silk cord, and the edge of the front is finished in a similar manner: white satin band, bow, and strings, and a beautiful plume of white feathers tipped with green.

Satinet and sarsnet stout walking dresses, made to fit tight to the shape between the shoulders, and with a little fulness at the bottom of the waist, are next in estimation. They are trimmed either with plain gauze, gauze ribbon, or gauze finished with chenille. Satin trimmings for gowns are not quite exploded, but they are only partially worn.

Late as it is in the season, there are still a few *élégantes* who wear white merino cloth spensers, trimmed with white satin. They have no actual novelty in their form; but being worn always over a white dress, and with a white satin, straw, or chip bonnet, each of which is almost equally in favour, they have an elegant effect.

We have given in our print the most elegant carriage dress of the month, and the only novelty worth mentioning that has appeared in the carriage costume. White satin spencers, trimmed with white lace, and rich white twilled sarsnet pelisses, made about half a quarter shorter than the under dress, vandyked round the bottom, and trimmed also with lace, are worn; but we have remarked nothing new in their form.

For dishabille, cambric, cambric muslin, plain and striped jaconot, are universally worn, as are also slight silks: green sarsnet is, we think, most in favour. Waists still continue a very becoming length; but we think the backs of dresses are even broader than they were last month. The chemiset body still continues in favour, but it has now very little fulness. Collars are exploded; and the sleeve no longer falls so very unbecomingly off the shoulder.

With respect to trimmings, lace and work are universally worn on white dresses, and gauze always to correspond in colour with the dress, is the favourite dress for silks. We have observed some, however, trimmed with two or three flounces of patent net, festooned with silk cord, and ornamented with little silk rosettes, which have a tasteful and pretty effect.

The materials for dinner dress continue the same as last month; and we see with pleasure that Irish satin is even more in favour, and is, in fact, become a very powerful rival to French silk. It may certainly vie with any production

of the French loom for the beauty and durability of its texture, and the extensive patronage given to it; and the newly invented satinet promises to be of the greatest service to our own distressed manufacturers.

The elegant lace body which we mentioned in our last number, has lost nothing of its attraction. We observe that low bodies are made in the frock fashion, but rendered novel by the introduction of a kind of double front, composed either of lace or white satin, which is so contrived as to shew the figure to very great advantage. The bust is more correctly shaded, and the back and shoulders less exposed than we have been accustomed to see them. By conforming to a change so consonant to delicacy and good taste, our fair fashionables in fact increase their charms, since this style of dress displays to the utmost advantage the fine contour of the shape.

We have been favoured with the sight of a new stay, the *corset des Grâces*, which we understand has received very distinguished patronage. This stay possesses the double advantage of improving the shape, and conducing towards the preservation of the health; no compressions, no pushing the form out of its natural proportions; it allows the most perfect ease and freedom to every motion, while, at the same time, it gives that support to the frame, which delicate women find absolutely necessary.

In full dress white lace continues as much worn as last month; but coloured gauzes and crapes are also in favour, particularly green, all the lighter shades of which are much in estimation. Next to the elegant dress which we have given in our print, the robe *à la Bergère* is most in favour; it is composed of grass-green crape. Some of our fair readers will perhaps smile at the idea of giving such a name to a full dress, but, in truth, the robe *à la Bergère* has nothing of the shepherdess about it but its name: it is worn over a white satin slip, and is festooned, perhaps a *little* too high, with white satin ribbon, each festoon being decorated with a white rose. The green body is open both in front and behind, so as to display the white satin one worn underneath; and is trimmed, as well as the short full sleeve, with a beautiful wreath of roses, which are smaller than those at the bottom. This dress, though not particularly novel, is extremely elegant and much in favour.

Caps are still high in favour in half dress; but we observe some *élégantes* with small white lace handkerchiefs, brought from the back of the head, and tied carelessly under the chin.

We have no alteration to notice in hair-dressing.

Flowers begin to be much worn by youthful *belles* in full dress; and pearl ornaments, with a very slight mixture of coloured stones, of which amethysts and emeralds are most in favour, are universal.

In half-dress jewellery, plain gold ornaments are most in favour. Cornelian will be probably much worn by the middle of the month.

We have no alterations to notice in boots or shoes, except that the former are now universally worn either of jane or stout French silk.

Fashionable colours for the month are, green, lilac, azure, primrose, straw colour, and wild rose colour.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, April 18.

INDEED, my dear Sophia, you give the Parisian *belles* credit for the great fertility of invention which they possess: it is true, the fashions here change more quickly than even in London; but the change, since my last letter, has been confined principally to the materials of dresses and to the form of head-dresses. I should, however, except a singularly pretty ball dress, which I shall describe to you by and bye: but to begin in due form with the promenade costume.

Cloth and velvet are now laid aside, and the graceful and well-proportioned form of the Parisian *belle* is displayed to advantage by the lighter costume of spring. A new spencer has just made its appearance, composed of green and white shot sarsnet, and made in a style more becoming to the shape than any adopted for some time. The waist is about the same length that has been worn for some months past; the back is less broad, and moderately full; the front is cut exactly to the shape; the cap, which is small, is composed of white satin, and cut in the pelerine form. The trimming is very pretty; it is composed of green, two or three shades darker than the spencer, and white silk net, formed in points, and fancifully interspersed with little silk tufts; this trimming goes round the cape and half sleeve: the latter is very small, and the under sleeve, which is long and plain, is finished at the wrist by a double roll of white satin.—The waist has no ornament behind, but a very narrow band of byas white satin is fastened in front by a pearl clasp. This spencer is worn always over a white robe, composed either of satin, India muslin, or white spotted silk. The form of the robe does not differ from those described in my last letter. The trimming for silk dresses is usually blond, or bands of byas satin; two or at most three flounces of blond are worn, but the bands, which are very narrow, are sometimes seven or eight in number.

Sarsnet pelisses are also in high request for the promenade: but here I have nothing to say in defence of French taste; pale pink lined with blue, green lined with pink, and the most delicate lilac contrasted with the deepest yellow. The trimmings are generally of the same glaring description: there are, however, some few *belles* who give the preference to a very elegant pelisse composed either of jonquil or lilac sarsnet, lined with white, and trimmed in a style of uncommon elegance with a very rich mixture of embroidery and trimming in waves; that of the lilac is green and white; the jonquil is ornamented with various shades of brown, relieved by an intermixture of white, and finished by small white silk frogs. These pelisses are made entirely tight to the shape, with a plain long sleeve, and a small pelerine cape cut in the form of a handkerchief.

Ruffs are as much worn as ever; they are narrower than they used to be, but instead of three or four falls of lace or worked muslin, our *élégantes* now wear six or seven:

the effect produced by these ruffs is really ridiculous, but they are fashionable, and a Frenchwoman considers nothing unbecoming or absurd that is tonish. The double or treble fall of lace at the wrist has disappeared for some time past.

And now for *la tête*, that object of a Frenchwoman's cares. The high-crowned *chapeau* and *cornette*, which appeared some time ago to have declined in favour, have again become extremely fashionable. I could enumerate seven or eight, all of which differ in form, but the difference is such as could not be clearly described. I must therefore content myself with telling you, that they are in general composed of white satin, white chip, and blond put very full over white satin. Coloured hats are very partially worn: blue, green, or rose-colour are, however, seen occasionally upon some fashionables. But the hat most in favour, both for form and material, is composed of white satin, finished round the front and at the edge of the crown by narrow bands of satin cut byas: the front, which is large, is ornamented with a plaiting of blond; the crown, which, as I have observed, is very high, is ornamented with these bands, which are disposed with a good deal of taste and novelty. It is lined with deep jonquil, tied under the chin with white ribbon, and loaded, for I cannot call it ornamented, with a perfect garland of flowers—roses, hyacinth, lilac, and what is still more ridiculous, roses of the same hue as the two latter flowers. Feathers are not much worn, but the *élégantes* who still exhibit them, confine themselves almost wholly to white; sometimes, but very rarely, we see a single pink or blue feather put almost at the back of the hat, and disposed so as to fall over on one side.

Some hats are small in the brim, and finished with blond put on almost plain; some are nearly of the form of a man's hat, but much higher; and a few *chapeaux à la bergère* are worn with rich white lace veils. *Cornettes* have varied in form only by being made much higher, and of course more unbecoming, than when I wrote last: those of the mob kind are highest in estimation; they are also ornamented with a profusion of flowers, and in general with a quantity of ribbons also.

Perkale, as they call cambric muslin, is now almost the only thing worn in the morning costume: you must not, however, fancy that this proceeds from a wish to encourage English manufacture, but partly from a love for novelty, and partly because it is less expensive than cambric, and equally fashionable. The favourite morning dress is made with a plaited body, and a loose front, which ties at the throat: the long sleeve is either plain or ornamented with a fluting down the middle of the arm, about a nail in breadth; a band of ribbon, tied at the side, confines it at the waist; and the trimming is two, three, or four plain muslin flounces.

Fine worked muslin, trimmed most extravagantly with lace, is the favourite material for dinner dress; white satin, white spotted silk, and plain white sarsnet, are also in estimation: coloured sarsnets are little worn. Dinner dress is made remarkably plain: the

MUSLIN PATTERNS.

skirt of the gown a walking length, with an easy fulness, finished at the bottom with lace or byas bands of satin; the waist a moderate length, and the body what you would call in England a three-quarer high dress, ornamented round the bust with narrow bands of byas satin: long plain sleeve, very loose, confined at the wrist by a bracelet, finished also with bands of byas satin. This dress is finished at the neck by six or seven rows of *tulle*, quilled one above another, so as completely to conceal not only the neck, but the throat. A *cornette* in the mob form, with a double plaiting of *tulle* round the crown, and a treble plaiting in front, is worn with it, and gives it in fact the air of a morning dress. A rich bouquet of full-blown roses, intermixed with rose-buds, ornaments the *cornette*, and another is placed in the bosom.

Gauze over white satin or sarsnet is the favourite material for full dress. The one which I am about to describe, is really elegant and tasteful. The slip is composed of white soft satin, of that exquisitely beautiful and glossy texture peculiar to the French loom. A triple fall of trimming composed of white lace, superbly ornamented with silver, goes round the bottom. Over this slip is worn a short robe composed of white gauze, and festooned at the bottom by a wreath of roses, in the lightest and most elegant style. The body of the dress is full behind, but tight to the shape before, and the bosom is delicately shaded. A lower body composed of pink ribbon, disposed with a good deal of novelty, is put over the gauze one; and the short full sleeve is finished at bottom with a quilling of lace, and at top ornamented to correspond with the body.

The only ornament for the hair is a wreath of roses, placed nearly at the back of the head. The hair is now less divided on the forehead; it is still dressed low at the sides, but fuller than when I wrote last: the hind hair is simply twisted *à la Grecque*.

In jewellery, pearls are universal for full dress, and white cornelian begins to make its appearance in half dress. Our fair fashionables, who are all loyalists, wear a miniature of the king, which is the smallest I have ever seen, but at the same time a perfect likeness, in a ring, which is always placed on the fore-finger of the left hand, as being the one nearest the heart. These rings are set with either diamond or pearl, and are made extremely costly.

Hyacinth, jonquil, rose-colour, lilac, and green, are the colours most in request at present, but they are not so fashionable as white.

Adieu, my dear Sophia! My hand is so cramped with scribbling, that I can hardly tell you I am always your EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 26.—GRECIAN FURNITURE.

So long as it is the fashion to render the apartments of our habitations dependent for their embellishment on a display of elegant furniture and draperies, rather than on those features which are pecu-

liarly and legitimately architectural, the public must be congratulated, that men of genius and science are found to devote their attention to that particular branch of art. Art indeed it may properly be called, when the designs of this species of embellishment embrace the combinations of form, composition, light, shade, and colour, and are as classically united agreeably to the laws of fitness and truth, as they are found to be in the works of masters eminent in the walks of pictorial beauty. It is impossible to examine the furniture of Mr. G. Bullock's manufactory in Tenterden-street, of which the plate represents a part, without feeling the propriety of this congratulation; and the liberality with which he permits us to give his designs to the public, obliges us to acknowledge it.

This representation of Grecian furniture is intended to form part of the decoration of a library: attached to the sofa, are cabinets for the purpose of receiving portfolios or splendid manuscripts, and form elegant pedestals, which are surmounted by fine specimens of the Mona verd-antique marble, on which may be placed urns for flowers or perfume. These cabinets are enriched by bhule and or-molu, forming unique and most convenient pieces of furniture. The plate itself forms an elegant picture, and the group consists of a sofa, monopodium, footstool, pictures, and drapery, affording a specimen of harmonious decoration and colouring.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Mr. Ackermann has great pleasure in announcing to the public, that a whole-length portrait of his Serene Highness Leopold Prince of Saxe Coburg-Saalfeld, is now engraving by Mr. Henry Meyer. H. S. H. having kindly condescended in granting three long sittings to Mr. A. Chalon, R. A. a most striking likeness has been produced, which has been honoured with the entire approbation of the whole of the Royal Family. The picture is at present in the Exhibition at Somerset-House. The size of the print is 14 inches by 10, and the price to subscribers will be one guinea—proofs, two guineas.

In the month of May will be published, *A Historical Account, interspersed with Biographical Anecdotes, of the illustrious House of Saxony;* exhibiting the descent of the present Royal and Ducal Branches of that Family, and also of his Serene Highness Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld. It will form a crown 8vo. volume, and be embellished with portraits, among which will be a correct likeness of Prince Leopold.

Early in May will appear, *Catechism of Political Economy*, or *familiar Conversations on the Manner in which Wealth is produced, distributed, and consumed in Society*; translated from the French of Jean Baptiste Say, Professor of Political Economy in the Athenée Royale of Paris. Also, by the same author, *England and the English People*.

A translation of the *Narrative of an Embassy to Warsaw and Wil-*

na, with personal attendance on the Emperor Napoleon during the disastrous campaign in Russia and the retreat from Moscow, by M. de Pradt, Archbishop of Mechlin, will be ready for delivery in a few days.

Mr. Colburn has become the purchaser of the Franklin manuscripts, and they will immediately be brought before the public. They consist of his Life, written by himself to a late period, and continued by his grandson and legatee, William Temple Franklin, Esq. to the time of his death; his private and familiar correspondence, posthumous essays, &c. &c.

The Narrative of a Ten Years' Residence at the Court of Tripoli, from the original correspondence in the possession of the family of the late Richard Tully, Esq. the British consul, is now nearly ready for publication.

A novel, entitled *Glenarvon*, the production of a lady of high rank, will shortly appear.

Colonel Keatinge's *Travels in Europe and Africa* will appear in a few days, in one volume 4to. illustrated with thirty-four plates of scenery, antiquities, and costume, from drawings made on the spot by the author; and comprising a journey through France, Spain, and Portugal, to Morocco, with a particular account of that empire. Also a second journey through France in 1814, in which a comparison is drawn between the present and former state of that country and its inhabitants.

Speedily will be published, an elegant work on *Scripture Genealogy*, consisting of thirty-five engraved tables, exhibiting the correct genealogy of Scripture, from Adam to Christ; to be accompanied with descriptive letter-press, and comprised in one volume, royal 4to. The small vignettes which are introduced into the work are extremely curious, and executed in a masterly style.

Dr. J. Clarke, of Cambridge, is about to publish, by subscription, two sets of Songs, Duets, or Glees, with *Original Poetry*, written, expressly for the work, by Mrs. Joanna Baillie, Walter Scott, William Smyth, James Hogg, John Stewart, Esquires, and Lord Byron.

Mr. Samuel Bagster will publish, on the 1st of July, a *Polyglot Bible*, on an entirely new plan, in one volume 4to.; shewing, in one opening, the different languages. Also, for the further accommodation of the learned, another edition, in four elegant pocket volumes.

A new volume of poems, entitled *Melancholy Hours*, which are understood to be the productions of a young lady, will appear in the course of the present month.

The fourth volume of *The Antiquities of Athens*, measured and delineated by James Stuart, F. R. S. and F. S. A. and Nicholas Rivett, painters and architects; edited by Joseph Woods, architect, is ready for publication.

Mr. Weyland's work on *The Principles of Population and Production, as they are affected by the Progress of Society*, is just ready for publication.

The Dictionary of Living Painters, Sculptors, Engravers, &c. forming a companion to the Dictionary of Living Authors, will appear in the course of a few weeks.

Poetry.

TO THE EDITOR.

The following small poem has been anonymously and sparingly circulated in the first ranks of fashion. It has not been printed. I. B. P.

OH! FARE THEE WELL!

OH! fare thee well!—and must the sigh,
Embodying the words that sever,
Meet those as heartfelt that reply,
Oh! fare thee well—farewell *for ever?*
Then be it so—but still the heart
That swore to love thee—swore so true!—
Shall never from its faith depart,
No—nor *for ever* banish you.
FOR EVER!—Oh! concealed, there lies,
Obdurate, in that word—the source
That leads to ill our destinies,
And plants within thy breast—remorse.
FOR EVER! No—shall sullen pride
Thy bosom seal—excluding there,
Of feeling—the returning tide,
And cherish still thy throb—despair?
Oh! yield not—father of my child!—
Once tender—ever dearest still—
Oh! yield not to those fancies wild,
That agitate thy fevered will—
To that capricious, restless train,
Not born of reason's healthful kind,
That havoc in thy fertile brain,
And canker in thy nobler mind!
Yield not to these—oh! by this kiss
Which on thy infant's lips I press,
And by that one—as pure—of bliss,
That promised years of happiness!
Ah! how illusive!—they are fled;—
And since no solace of *my* care
Can yield sweet slumbers to thy bed,
Or sooth thine hours of anguish there—
Then fare *thee well!*—In this adieu
Think not *for ever* that we *part*;—
When all the husband *died* in you,
He was sepulchred—in *my heart*.

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.